

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

OCTOBER 1862.

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EDINBURGH:

THE CALEDONIAN PRESS,

"The National Institution for Promoting the Employment of Women in the
Art of Printing."

LONDON: W. KENT & CO.

DUBLIN: WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

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From a re-issue, IN MEMORIAM, from the COURT CIRCULAR, Dec. 16, 21, & 28, 1861, etc.

Photographed (with a portrait of the author taken by desire) by the photographers to Her Majesty's Commissioners (Messrs. Birnatingl) and published by them in the Gardens of the Horticultural Society, Kensington.

GREAT GOD! protect her in her twofold grief;
Of mother and of husband thus bereft!
Oh, give her succour, give to her relief;
She needs it much indeed, for she is left.

O Thou who sittest on the Heavenly Throne,
The King of kings, of all that e'er hath been,
Hear from Thy footstool, earth, a nation's moan;
Ease Thou the sorrow of our Widowed Queen!

And when bright hope shall break the dismal spell,
And make sweet nature smile with joy again,
The widowed monarch happily may dwell;
The children of her love all still remain!

FRED. AUG. LEWIS, Author of "The Royal Souvenir of 1862."

First sung by Miss Ellen Lyon at the dinner of the Solicitors' Benevolent Association, May 28th, 1862;
the Right Hon. Lord Chelmsford in the chair.

* The music and words of this Hymn (with other "Loyal Verses" by the same Author) appear in this grand, beautiful, and elaborate National Memorial Volume. To be had of the compiler, Mr. Kime, Louth, Lincolnshire; Shaw, Paternoster Row; and all booksellers.

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

THE THISTLE.

OCTOBER 1862.

A SECOND "WORD TO THE THREE KINGDOMS."

[*Vide the May No., Page 1.*]

"THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," AT BALMORAL

HER MAJESTY'S MOST GRACIOUS APPROVAL

LETTER TO MISS THOMSON FROM COL. THE HON. SIR C. B. PHIPPS, K.C.B.
(BY THE QUEEN'S COMMAND.)

WITH the present instalment is completed the first Volume of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE." Six numbers of a periodical, "PRINTED BY WOMEN," have now issued from the CALEDONIAN PRESS; and, taking into due consideration the innumerable and increasing candidates for the favour of the public, the Projectors may be permitted to congratulate themselves and their Protégées upon the amount of support indicated by the numerical fact which they record.

To have achieved so much in the face of many difficulties, some opposition, and no slight discouragement, is a proof that the merit

which deserves success, if it does not always command it, has not been considered wanting. It is a farther proof that the just and generous spirit of their Countrymen has recognised the object that they have in view and has decided to second it.

In the words inspired by Royalty, it may be said that "an effort for extending the sphere of the employment of women, and their consequent means of self-support," is one that, in the nineteenth century, calls for the cordial co-operation of all classes.

To assist in solving a problem that forms the perplexity of the statesman, the political economist, and the philanthropist,—to add one to the very few *Arts et Métiers* hitherto open to their Countrywomen,—to place at their disposal the means of acquiring and exercising it, practically and as a bread-winner,—to enable them to become instructors in turn, and, it is hoped, directresses of similar Institutions, the CALEDONIAN PRESS, "*for Promoting the Employment of Women in the Art of Printing*" was founded in 1861. It was immediately taken under the patronage of H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT; and the noblest and wealthiest in the land,—those whose enlightened intellect and liberal sentiment rendered them superior to prejudice and to a short-sighted policy, gave in their adhesion to a movement whose necessity was admitted by every thoughtful mind.

To ensure a constant supply of work for the "hands" (all female); to produce a pleasant and perhaps profitable miscellany; and to establish a regular channel of communication between the public and the advocates of a theory, new in England if old and reduced to practice elsewhere; to convince the sceptical that it is wise and well to qualify women to maintain themselves honourably and adequately when, through illness, death, desertion, or bankrupt circumstances, thrown on their own resources, a monthly Magazine, addressing itself to "the Trefoil of Kingdoms," and entitled "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," was projected and undertaken.

It was assuredly a daring step; yet perhaps not wholly ill-advised. From a commercial point of view, the spring of 1862, was certainly not the most favourable for a literary speculation. The old year died out in tears; a voice of lamentation was heard in the palace of our Kings, and the knell of death sounded throughout

the land. The heart of the Sovereign, while yet pierced and bleeding, was again, and more sorely, stricken. He who was husband, friend, companion, counsellor; the wise and tender Father of the stately group of Sons and Daughters who sustain their Mother in the season of sorrow, and soothe the Empire with the gladness of hope,—He, the Prince whom the People loved as they revered, was summoned hence in the flower of manhood and the maturity of genius. The festival of Christmas closed upon a Nation bewailing the affliction of their Queen: the New Year dawned upon grief too recent and too genuine to be comforted; and not only upon this which, alas! must long endure in the hearts most bruised—but upon the presage of war. England was preparing, and wisely, for the struggle: calmly and resolutely, Britannia was buckling on her armour, her brow inflected, her blue eye sparkling, her lip curved, her port erect, her heart beating right-royally as, saluting the “glorious standard” ever floating in the air of freedom, she threw a haughty glance across the main. The horizon boded a tempest: men’s minds were troubled; war with our own brethren is a fearful misery; and under the pressure of domestic sorrow, none could foretell what added trial the morrow might bring forth.

Happily for the world, a collision between England and the great American Republic was avoided, but the disastrous war in the United States even then made itself felt in its consequences on our side of the Atlantic: trade was depressed; in many spécialités totally paralyzed: and a general calamity had befallen us in the death of a Prince, whose highest claim to our veneration and affectionate remembrance is not that he was the August Consort of our beloved Queen, but that he was the benefactor of the Country which he had made his own; the friend of science; the patron of genius; and the promoter of the poor man’s welfare.

In the midst of a Court-mourning, a Nation’s sorrow, and fast-growing distress in the manufacturing districts, it might have seemed very inopportune to try the temper of the Public with a *new Magazine*. But the interests of the earnest and industrious women whose faith in their advocates was great, and whose prospects were, in a way, confided to their discretion, determined the Projectors to move forward. In the month of May the enterprise was launched, and the CALEDONIAN PRESS published the first

number of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," a periodical "PRINTED BY WOMEN." The Public did not frown: and the SIXTH is now before the Reader.

If all, wished, has not been accomplished: if, as in that most mighty question which, convulsing Italy, threatens to shake the foundations of thrones, the programme is not, as yet, wholly carried out, it is believed that sufficient evidence of good faith, of technical excellence and of intellectual strength has been tendered to satisfy the friends of the movement. The success of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*" may be assumed as a fact. The Newspaper Press has decreed it a favourable reception; and when the little jealousy and erroneous views which criticize the employment of female compositors have died out—and die out they will—that reception will be still more liberal and cordial, more right-minded and manly.

If among the Projectors of this Magazine, a "faint heart" was at any time detected—if doubt and hesitation under any circumstance existed, as to the course they were pursuing,—all such is now dissipated, and individual discouragement succeeded by the most perfect conviction that their course is right, and that their cause *must* prevail. To a very great extent, objection will be answered, prejudice removed, and hostility rebuked when it is known that the HIGHEST PERSONAGE IN THE REALM has been pleased to approve the employment of Women in the art of printing: and that the FIRST LADY IN THE LAND has declared herself in favour of THIS and other efforts *for increasing their industrial occupations "and their consequent means of self-support."*

In the presence of this august and potent *pronunciamento*, the vexed question of Woman's right to earn honest bread, must surely be approached with the respect due to its importance, and examined with candour and seriousness. For the Projectors of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," it was a proud encouragement and a priceless recompense, when the following communication from COL. THE HON. C. B. PHIPPS, written "BY COMMAND," and addressed to the lady under whose active and intelligent direction the idea has been carried into execution, was laid before them. It confirmed their resolution, in conveying to them THE QUEEN'S recognition of the righteousness of the cause that they maintain;

Her gracious satisfaction in the progressive success of this periodical, *regarded as a means of promoting that cause*; and Her royal approbation, manifested in the acceptance of a series of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE" forwarded to Balmoral for presentation to HER MAJESTY.

That their Readers may share the gratification afforded by its perusal, a copy of the letter is annexed.

"BALMORAL, July 26, 1862.

"MADAM,—I have had the honour to present to Her Majesty the Queen the numbers of the Magazine, printed by Women, entitled "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," which you have forwarded to me.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that they have been very graciously accepted by Her Majesty.

"It is hardly necessary for me to add, that it gives The Queen much pleasure to hear of the progressive success of this, and other efforts for extending the sphere of the Employment of Women, and their consequent means of self-support.

"I have the honour to be,

"Madam,

"Your most obedient humble Servant,

(Signed) "C. B. PHIPPS."

"To MISS THOMSON,

"CALEDONIAN PRESS,

"The National Institution for Promoting the Employment of Women
in the Art of Printing,

"4 SOUTH SAINT DAVID STREET, EDINBURGH."

"The King's name is a tower of strength:"—with sanguine expectations, the second volume of the Magazine, thus honoured by the Sovereign, will be commenced.

"THE ROSE, THE THISTLE AND THE SHAMROCK" are dearly loved, as guid faith they ought to be, in England, Scotland, and Ireland: it is promised that their namesake shall be still worthier of the favour of Majesty,—of the gentle and noble eyes that welcome its pages,—and of the kind and ruthless hearts that seek to increase its circulation, *not* for the sake of its literary pretensions only, but for that of the many patient women who toil, cheerfully and trustingly, at their novel employment as compositors and printers. Great improvements are contemplated: fresh talent shall be added to that

already secured : imperfections remedied ; deficiencies supplied ; new features exhibited ; and as much variety as possible presented ; it being the desire of the Projectors to interest the Readers of the three Kingdoms in a periodical intended for Great Britain and Ireland.

To their august Patrons, their Friends and Subscribers, they beg to express their deep sense of the generous support accorded to their undertaking : to the distinguished Writers whose zealous co-operation, not less than their rare talent, has largely contributed to the success of this enterprise, they tender their cordial thanks : and, inviting contributions from every gifted pen disposed to enrich the pages of their miscellany, the Projectors may conclude this "SECOND" and lengthy "WORD," by expressing a hope that their Subscribers and literary co-adjustors will continue their invaluable aid ; and that the Gentlemen of the Press to whom "the *Magazines*" are committed for "*Review*," will "do their spiriting gently," and benevolently appreciate a Sister's effort to serve a cause that has the strongest claims to whole-hearted sympathy.

Sept. 1862.

* * *

MIRIAM'S SORROW.

BY MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE "DEAR, DEAR" FRIEND.

IN due course of time Emmeline Dundas, who had left school soon after Pauline Mountjoy, made her appearance at the quiet cottage home of her friend, and entered warmly into all the bright hopes and anticipations of the latter.

Now that she had a companion to walk out with her, Pauline was enabled to enjoy much more of her lover's society than she had hitherto (on account of her aunt's rigid notions of propriety) had an opportunity of doing. The three young people were always together, spending their mornings in rambling about the woods and picturesque valleys which surrounded the village, and their evenings either in reading, gardening, or little musical entertainments in which they could each take a very creditable part. The two girls played and sang duets together, and Mr. Milton accompanied them on the flute, an instrument which he was very fond of, and which seemed to suit the rather melancholy and sentimental tone of his character.

I think I have made you understand that Pauline was not in the least inclined to melancholy herself. Though deeply romantic and imaginative, there was such a perpetually rising and bubbling spring of joyousness in her nature that any tendency to sadness or despondency was kept in wholesome check; but I believe the very contrast Mr. Milton's disposition presented to her own, made him the more attractive to her, and certainly rendered her doubly anxious to draw him into the sunshine that flooded her own happy life.

Emmeline Dundas was a young lady whose real character it was much less easy to comprehend. In general society she talked very little, and had it not been for her extreme loveliness (Pauline had not exaggerated here) and the very peculiar, child-like innocence of her face, she would not have been remarked at all. As it was, she naturally excited universal admiration, which Pauline appeared to enjoy far more than the silent beauty herself, a generosity that

you may deem less singular when I add that Mr. Milton was the only person who professed not to admire his fair *Fiancée's* friend.

"She is too languid and indifferent for my taste," he would say to Pauline: "a girl who will never let her heart run away with her judgment, and who will probably sell her beauty for nothing less than a coronet. I cannot understand *your* attachment to this gem from the frozen sea."

Then Pauline would stand up warmly in her friend's defence, would declare that beneath that calm exterior beat a heart of fire, and that Emmeline would sooner die, as *she* would, than marry an Emperor if she could not love him. It happened once that a discussion of this kind between the lovers came to the knowledge of Miss Dundas, and without seeming in the smallest degree hurt at Mr. Milton's depreciation of her, she said quietly to Pauline:

"Don't trouble yourself to be my champion again, Lina, for to speak frankly I don't like your friend, Mr. Milton (though you know I wish you all happiness with him), any better than he likes me. I suppose our characters too closely resemble each other to render any affection between us at all a probable thing."

Now it had never struck Pauline before, that there was a similarity between the characters of the two persons she loved best in the world; but from this time she accepted Emmeline's statement as a positive fact, and often mentioned it to Mr. Milton when he was presuming to breathe a word against the "dear, dear friend."

You may judge how great must have been the trustfulness of Miss Mountjoy's disposition, how unbounded her confidence in the truth and goodness of those she loved, when she now began to seek for opportunities of leaving her friend and her affianced husband alone together, believing that without the intervention of a third person they must inevitably discover, from the real affinity between their natures, some bonds of sympathy that would inspire the mutual liking she desired so ardently to see established.

The first time that this warm-hearted girl had any reason to think that her plan was proving successful, was one evening when she herself had been playing a harp accompaniment to a piece Miss Dundas was executing on the piano. In general, on these occasions, Mr. Milton stood between them, turning over the leaves of their music as each might require it; but, to-night, Pauline had twice to remind him of his duty to *her*, so intent did he appear to be on watching the rapid movements of Emmeline's fingers, and in performing the service she somewhat imperiously exacted from him.

"Never mind, never mind," exclaimed Pauline with her joyous laugh—when the "absent" gentleman was attempting a profuse

apology—"if you knew how glad I am to find you beginning to like Emmeline better, you would not consider an excuse necessary."

Mr. Milton only pressed the fair hand that Pauline extended to him in token of forgiveness, and the subject was dismissed.

It was some time after this little occurrence before Miss Dundas would acknowledge, even in the most private conferences of herself and her friend, that she had ceased to have any positive dislike to Mr. Milton.

"He is yours, not mine," she said jestingly, when Pauline, as innocent in heart as the other in face, urged her to go rather further in her commendations; "and I really think you ought to be content with the degree of cordiality that, through your own unwearied exertions, at present subsists between us."

It is not improbable that Pauline would have redoubled these exertions, now that there seemed a rational hope of their being rewarded, had not the preparations in connexion with her approaching marriage begun fully to engross her thoughts and time.

"I am afraid you find your friend less useful to you than you had anticipated," said the aunt with an ironical smile one day, as she entered her niece's room and discovered her working busily alone.

"Oh, by no means," replied Pauline, lifting her joyous face for an instant to the grim one of her relative. "Emmeline certainly is not over fond of work, but she helps me in a thousand other ways, and I would not be without her just now for the world."

"May I enquire how Miss Dundas is helping you at the present moment?"

"She is down stairs with Mr. Milton, reconciling him to my absence from the drawing-room. You know, aunt, men can never understand the necessity for women to be occupied out of their sight, and I should be tormented to death if Emmeline were not here to take my place sometimes."

"Do you intend this to go on after you are married?"

"Oh, there will be no need then. A husband is less exacting than a lover, and when Claude knows that I belong to him for ever, he will not mind my being away from him for two or three hours every day."

"Well," said the aunt, as she turned to leave the room, "these are your concerns, not mine, and of course a silly old woman, who never had a "dear, dear friend" in her life, can be but a poor judge of its advantages."

Probably the fair bride elect was quite of this opinion, for she

went on with the work she had in hand with an unruffled countenance, singing from time to time little scraps of songs in such a glad, untroubled voice, that there was no mistaking the perfect serenity of the mind with whose music they had been mingling.

At length came the last week of Pauline's girlish freedom, and in the lull that followed the excitement of her numerous preparations, she had time to notice that Miss Dundas was looking pale and out of spirits, and that just when a friend's sympathy would have been so acceptable, that friend appeared perversely inclined to withhold it. Mr. Milton had left the village for a few days on business of his own, and the two girls had therefore every possible opportunity for full and unrestrained confidence; but whenever Pauline suggested a quiet walk together, or a cosy chat in the bed-room, or anything else that would have entailed a *tête-à-tête*, Emmeline was either tired, or sick, or stupid, or wanting to write letters, or something that rendered her compliance with her friend's wish impossible.

You may be disposed to think now, that any woman with common intelligence would have begun to open her eyes to the real state of the case, and I quite concede that ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have done so. Pauline Mountjoy was just the one exception to the rule, and I am not prepared to say that her unlimited confidence in others was the *sole* cause of this blindness, for I imagine it not unlikely that so beautiful and attractive a girl might also have unbounded confidence in *herself*, and in her own powers of retaining a man's affections. But I must leave you to form your own judgment on the subject, and hasten on with my story.

The night before Mr. Milton was expected to return, the three ladies from the cottage were to take tea at the vicarage. Half an hour previous to their starting, Miss Dundas complained of sudden indisposition (and indeed her pallid looks fully bore out her assertion), and entreated to be left at home. Of course no opposition was made to her wishes, though Pauline was vexed and a little hurt at Emmeline's positive refusal to let her stay with her.

"You had better go to bed then, dear," she said kindly at parting, "and we will be careful not to disturb you on our return."

It was still early when the aunt and niece arrived at home, and Pauline (who had been really anxious about her friend) enquired of the servant who let them in, what time Miss Dundas had gone to bed, and whether she had appeared any better after her tea.

"Miss Dundas said nothing about being ill," replied the girl in evident surprise; "and as she went out before the tea things were

fetches away, me and cook thought she had come to you at the vicarage."

Miss Mountjoy quietly stepped past the terrified and speechless Pauline into the passage.

"Go into the parlour, my dear," she said in a much gentler voice than usual; "and you, Mary, light me to Miss Dundas's bedroom. I have no doubt I shall there find a speedy elucidation of this mystery."

Apparently the aunt's experience was a more efficient agent than the niece's innocence in deciphering the character of the dear, dear friend.

There was a letter on the dressing-table of Emmeline's room (which by the bye had been left by this exemplary young lady a pattern of neatness) addressed to Pauline. Miss Mountjoy, though the soul of honour in general, made no scruple on the present occasion of breaking the seal and reading the following:

"I do not write to offer vain excuses for my conduct, because I am quite aware, that situated as you are, you can accept none. I only write to tell you that I am going to meet at a few miles' distance the man I love, and who to-morrow morning, as soon as we can reach London, will become my husband. Do not blame *him* too severely, Pauline, whatever bitter reproaches you may heap on me. He did struggle long and bravely against the love for myself which he knew was wronging you; but you *would* throw us together, you would at all risks put an end to the animosity which, at first, truly existed between us. We are not the only people in the world to whom such a thing has happened, and though you may never forgive—I don't even ask it—I trust you will in time get over your own disappointment. I have only to add that we shall probably reside on the Continent, so that you need not fear any accidental meeting. I would in these parting lines thank your good aunt for her hospitality, did I not feel sure that her very goodness would make her scorn the thanks of such as she will consider me. It is hard to be judged severely by those we really esteem, but I love Claude well enough to endure the whole world's contempt for his sake."

"EMMELINE."

With no other sign of emotion than a tighter compression than usual of her thin, firmly cut lips, and a very slight trembling of the hand that had been holding the letter, Miss Mountjoy took up the candle that the servant had left with her, and went down stairs to Pauline.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAULINE'S REVENGE.

The first drop of the bitter cup she was by and bye to drain to the dregs, was administered to poor Pauline by the rough hands of the servant who had answered the questions concerning Miss Dundas which she had asked on entering the house. Returning to the young lady after lighting Miss Mountjoy up-stairs, this woman—perhaps with the morbid fancy possessed by many of her class for being the bearer of evil tidings—had exclaimed :

“Law, Miss, this is indeed a sad affair, and one as looks bad, we’ll say, on the face of it. If Miss Dundas ain’t coming back to-night, then me and cook hasn’t been so far wrong in our guesses. No offence, Miss Pauline, but you should have looked sharper after a certain gentleman than you have been doing lately.”

It seems probable that the first intelligence of Emmeline’s absence from the house at that hour of the night had produced a kind of temporary bewilderment in the mind of her friend, which had made it easy for her to sit down quietly as her aunt suggested, and wait for more definite tidings. There is not the least reason to suppose that, up to the moment when the servant addressed her in the words above recorded, she had entertained the very faintest suspicion of the true state of the case. Less unlikely would it have appeared to her that the solid earth should have been shaken from its foundations than that treachery and meanness of so base a kind should be developed in the characters of the two persons whom, above the whole world, she loved and trusted.

When Miss Mountjoy, holding the open letter in her hand, entered the dimly lighted parlour, her niece was standing in an erect attitude with her eyes widely distended and a whiteness over all her face that made it look scarcely like the face of a living creature. The unfortunate servant, whose words had produced so strange an effect, had crept away without notice from either of the ladies the instant the elder one appeared upon the scene.

“You know all, then,” exclaimed the aunt, taking Pauline’s passive hand kindly in her own, and disguising the fear the poor girl’s extraordinary aspect really gave her; “and terrible as the shock must be, you will bring your woman’s dignity to aid you in utterly forgetting two such worthless and ignoble beings. There is the girl’s letter lying at our feet. Read it if you will, and then

trample the writer of it *under* your feet for ever. Won't you read her letter to you, Pauline?"

For Pauline gave no token of hearing what was said to her, and but for the rather laboured breathing which the stillness of the room made audible, her companion might have imagined that she was addressing a woman suddenly turned to stone.

Miss Mountjoy was not deficient in experience, but anything at all resembling her present dilemma had never once occurred to her, and for a few minutes she remained utterly puzzled and undecided as to what it would be best to do. Then, quitting her hold of Pauline's hand, she advanced quickly to the bell, and desired the servant who answered it, to rouse up the cook, and go herself immediately for Dr. Howard.

Now Dr. Howard and Pauline were very great allies, and before the fascinating Mr. Milton came in the way, there had been rumours that the friendship existing between them would end in a closer union. Certain it is, that the gentleman very ardently admired the lady, and that the lady possessed for the gentleman a more than common esteem. Perhaps the aunt remembered this now, when she pronounced the doctor's name in so loud and distinct a tone. In any case, it was not without an effect. Pauline dropped her head suddenly, pressed her hands for a moment tightly before her eyes, and then with an aspiration that was more like a struggle for freer breath than an ordinary sigh, she turned round to her aunt:

"I don't want to see Dr. Howard to-night, aunt Mary. I only want you to read me the letter and to explain what has happened. Thank you" (for Miss Mountjoy had led her gently to the sofa) "I am better now; I was only a little bewildered."

"My dear child, you are still looking like a spectre, and I must entreat you for my sake to let Dr. Howard see you just for a minute. Perhaps, in the meanwhile, it will do you more good to talk of this strange event than to brood over it. Miss Dundas, it appears, has run off with, or rather *to*, Mr. Milton. You know I never thought much of him, Pauline; a weak, unstable, dreamy sort of man he was, whose fancy (I am sure he had no *heart*) would always be caught by the newest and fairest face. Since Miss Emmeline had really nothing else to recommend her, we may admit that she was what men call beautiful. If you had known human nature better, my poor child, you would never have brought such a girl into close companionship with your affianced husband."

"Beautiful!" said Pauline, who out of all her aunt's speech had evidently caught and retained but the one idea: "then you think

it was Emmeline's beauty that won him—you spoke of her being very beautiful, aunt Mary?"

"Yes, my dear, you always thought so yourself, did you not?"

Pauline uttered a strange, dreary sort of laugh that made Miss Mountjoy more than ever anxious for Dr. Howard's arrival.

"Of course I thought so," replied the niece, resuming presently her former gravity; "I never saw anybody so lovely. Yes, it certainly must have been her beauty."

The aunt continued talking to her some time longer, but Pauline's mind appeared incapable of fixing itself on any circumstance in connexion with the misfortune that had befallen her, except the solitary one of Emmeline's beauty. The moment there was the sound of footsteps on the garden walk she sprang up with a look of almost fierce determination:

"Aunt, I don't intend seeing Dr. Howard or any one, except yourself, at present. I am not ill or likely to be so. Good night."

Just stooping to pick up the letter, which had been left till now on the ground, Pauline hastened from the room; and Miss Mountjoy, feeling how useless opposition in such a case would be, had to content herself with explaining to Dr. Howard her niece's apparently confused state of mind, and the event which had led to it.

"Leave her alone for a little while," said the really sympathizing physician in reply. "Miss Pauline's mind is too well balanced, if I know anything of it, to be permanently shaken by an affair of this sort. In a day or two we shall see what nature has done for her: if she has done nothing, it will then be time for science to step in.

So the aunt was comforted and re-assured, and perhaps not sorry that she might safely "leave alone" a young lady whose grief it was so entirely beyond her power either to comprehend or mitigate.

For more than a week Pauline remained shut up in her own room, admitting her aunt whenever that lady wished it, but holding no conversation with her on these occasions beyond the necessary answers to Miss Mountjoy's questions on the subject of her health and spirits. At the expiration of that time she came down stairs again, resumed many of her home occupations, took long solitary walks as before, and, beyond being graver and quieter, appeared at first very little changed in any respect.

By degrees, however, it was discovered that the Pauline Mountjoy who had less than a year ago returned from school a bright, joyous, loving creature, winning all hearts without an effort, had in reality ceased to exist. No one could accurately determine in what the

change consisted, and yet everybody who knew her at all intimately felt it. She was not less gentle, not less amiable, not less courteous to the little world in which she moved, and yet her power of winning love seemed wholly gone. In the same proportion that she had formerly attracted she now repelled all those by whom she was surrounded, and unless this may be accounted for by the sad truth that she had herself ceased either to love or confide in her fellow-creatures, the circumstance must remain a perpetual mystery.

In the midst, however, of this general desertion (as far as feeling was concerned), one friend remained true to poor Pauline, and in due time sought her for his wife.

You will probably have guessed that I allude to Dr. Howard, the gentleman who subsequently became her husband. He did not require to be told that Pauline could never love him as a wife ought to love. He was content to know that she esteemed him above others, and was grateful for his constant affection. One condition only she made before consenting to become Mrs. Howard, and that was simply that as soon as they were married he would take her abroad, to a place in Belgium which she designated to him. If Dr. Howard suspected her motive, he evidently did not deem it wise to thwart her wishes in this matter, and so immediately after the quiet wedding, which pleased Miss Mountjoy the elder infinitely more than the first that had been contemplated would have done, the married pair started for Belgium, and in about a week arrived at the small, obscure town which the bride had so great a fancy for visiting.

Dr. Howard had probably known, in marrying Pauline Mountjoy, that the roses of his future life would not be entirely destitute of thorns: he had certainly been quite aware of the continued existence of the shadow which had settled over the mind of his young wife so many months before; but he loved and pitied her enough to hope that under his tender guardianship all things would soon change with her, and it never for a moment occurred to him that any other danger was to be apprehended than that of her unnatural sadness and lack of interest in life deepening into a confirmed melancholy which might be beyond the united efforts of his skill and affection to dissipate. It was because he knew that such a result was very possible, that he was glad to fall in with any plan she suggested by which there seemed a chance of her being roused, even though it were painfully, from the dead, joyless calm of her truly blighted existence. When therefore the day following their arrival at the place I have spoken of, Pauline announced to her husband that she had discovered the residence of Mrs. Milton and

was going to see her, he did not attempt to dissuade her from the visit, only at parting from her (for she would not permit his attendance) he said very kindly :

"Don't let the meeting agitate you too much, dearest; and though there can be no doubt that, as Miss Dundas, your friend treated you very shamefully, let bygones *be* bygones, and show the poor little silly thing that you have too great and noble a nature not to forgive her freely."

Pauline looked earnestly at her husband for a few minutes, then with tears gathering in her eyes (they had been rare visitors there of late) she stretched out her hand to him.

"*You* have a great and noble nature, I do believe," she said fervently, "and I thank God that while doubting all else I *can* believe this. Don't meddle, however, with my conduct to Mrs. Milton. I give you my word I won't poison her, or even injure a hair of her head. She was very beautiful, was she not? Even aunt Mary owned it *that night*. It was her exceeding beauty that won Mr. Milton's fickle heart. I wonder if he doats on it as much now as he did then."

"Never mind, never mind," exclaimed the good doctor, drawing his wife to him and kissing her pale cheek; "it is only brainless women who are jealous of each other's beauty, and fickle hearts are better lost early than late. There, go along now, my darling, and make up your quarrel as soon as possible. Why, I'll bet a hundred pounds you will be firmer friends than ever half an hour after you have been in this little woman's house."

Dr. Howard knew a great many things, and he had dabbled in some of the wonderful mysteries of nature, but he could not know the secret workings of the heart of a woman who has been scorned and deceived, or he would never have allowed his wife to cross the threshold of Mrs. Milton's door.

The part of my story I am now coming to is so painful that I must do my best to hurry over it.

Pauline, declining to give any name, but stating her business with Mrs. Milton to be of a most important nature, followed the servant who had opened the door to her at once into the presence of her treacherous friend, who happened to be seated quite alone in her drawing-room. Emmeline not immediately recognising her visitor, whose veil was down, politely offered her a chair and signed to the servant to leave them. The moment this woman had closed the door, Pauline advanced nearer to the window, lifted her veil, and confronted the courteous lady of the house, who had evidently been waiting for the other to declare her business.

"Do you know me now, Mrs. Milton?" came from the white but composed lips of Pauline Howard.

A start, a faint exclamation, and an abrupt rising from her languid position on the sofa, were the results of this cold enquiry.

"Pauline, for Heaven's sake, don't come here with that changed face of yours to reproach me for the past. You frighten me to death, you do indeed!" exclaimed this poor, weak, selfish woman. "What do you want with me or Claude? My husband is not at home, I assure you. Oh, pray go away. You and I ought never to have met again in this world."

"We never will meet more," replied Pauline, surveying the flushed and trembling creature before her with the utmost disdain. "I had only one object in coming to see you, and that was to destroy the beauty which converted Claude Milton into a villain, and helped to make you the most abject, worthless, treacherous being that ever darkened the earth."

As she spoke, Mrs. Howard, with the same strange calmness she had manifested throughout, drew a small bottle from her pocket, and, having pressed in the cork, dashed the contents full into the face of the cowering woman on the sofa, who had only sufficient presence of mind to raise her shaking hands as a protection to her face, and to utter the most violent screams.

"You are not hurt," said Pauline—who now that the long meditated deed was actually done, lost a little of the calm courage that had hitherto sustained her—"the liquid was very carefully prepared, and will do nothing more serious than stain that unrivalled complexion of yours. And now good-bye till we meet where we shall both have to answer for all the sins of our lives, and perhaps especially for our sins to each other."

You may be sure Mrs. Milton made no effort to detain so very unwelcome and dangerous a visitor. She was still screaming, though in a lower key, and pulling the bell violently when Pauline took her departure. The servant, who had been in a distant part of the house, met the stranger lady in the corridor. "Go quickly to your mistress," said the latter; "she is ill, and in need of immediate attendance."

Pauline never knew herself how she reached home after this. It is certain, from the time she was absent, that she must have wandered about the streets for hours; and when at length she did arrive at her own door, Dr. Howard, who was becoming anxious, ran to open it, and, in doing so, received the fainting form of his wife into his outstretched arms.

CHAPTER. XIX.

THE ROMANCE ENDED.

Dr. Howard judged it prudent to take his wife from Belgium that very night, although a state of physical exhaustion had succeeded the day's excitement which, under other circumstances, would have made perfect repose the most desirable thing for her. They remained for the next few months in a quiet French town, where, thanks to the husband's excellent care and nursing, the wife was restored to as large a measure of health and strength as she could ever again be expected to enjoy; but her spirits and her temper had become fitful and capricious to a painful degree, and the thorns in poor Dr. Howard's path were too sharp and numerous to give him any time even to look for the roses. You will scarcely be surprised to hear that the strange act of Pauline's, by which she entirely disproved her kind, trusting husband's previous opinion of her, lost her the only heart which had in the general falling off remained really true to her. Dr. Howard was never less attentive, never less indulgent, to his young and now most uncongenial wife than he had been at first; but her one deed of weak and unchristian revenge, upon the woman to whom less than a year before she had been fondly attached, seemed to erect a barrier of ice between them; and though from himself she never heard a word of reproach, beyond the first exclamation of indignant horror which had been wrung from him on listening to her confession, Pauline must have been quite aware of his real sentiments, and have known that she would probably have to pass through life unblessed by the sympathy or affection of a single human being. But a worse trial than even this was in store for her.

Returning to England and to the village where Miss Mountjoy still lived, in about six months from the period of their marriage, the husband and wife found a large amount of correspondence waiting their attention; for as a precautionary measure, after what had occurred in Belgium, they had not suffered any of their friends at home to know in what part of the world they had taken temporary shelter. One letter, addressed (of course in ignorance of her marriage) to "Miss Pauline Mountjoy," affected them both nearly in an equal degree. It had been written immediately after the meeting between Mrs. Milton and Mrs. Howard, and was from the husband of the former. Passing over the exceeding and wrathful bitterness that characterized every sentence in it, I will simply

give you the pith of the letter, which was an assertion on the writer's part that two lives had been endangered, and *one destroyed*, by the wholly wicked and unwomanly revenge of Pauline Mountjoy. His "beloved Emmeline," he said, had brought a frail infant prematurely into the world a few hours after Pauline's visit. The mother was scarcely expected to recover, and the child's doom was certain. In conclusion, Mr. Milton stated, in the most emphatic terms, his determination to punish, in the severest manner the law should allow, any second attempt on Pauline's part to force herself, amicably or otherwise, into his own or his wife's presence, and added that should his dearest Emmeline's life be spared, he intended taking her away from Europe altogether.

"Find out whether they have gone," said the miserable Pauline, with dry, bloodless lips, to her husband, when they had both read every word of the terrible letter. And the depth of her misery inspired in this good, tender-hearted man so strong a compassion, that he left no means untried to fulfil her bidding. The result of Dr. Howard's enquiries satisfied him that Mr. and Mrs. Milton had sailed in a passenger ship for Calcutta (where it appeared the former had procured some civil appointment) about two months previous; but as they had evidently gone *alone*, it seemed but too certain that the infant had died as the father predicted, and Pauline, once assured of the parents' absence, never again urged her husband to institute any further enquiries.

From this time Mrs. Howard renounced all voluntary intercourse with the world around her, becoming every day more uncertain in her moods, more singular and eccentric in her conduct. A wiser and cleverer man than Dr. Howard might be pardoned for the steady belief he entertained, that there was a germ of insanity latent in his wife's nature. He always declared that her one act of cruel revenge, taken alone, plainly testified that it must be so, because that one act was a direct contradiction to all her previous life. Yet notwithstanding this, and the complete destruction of his own domestic happiness which was involved in it, Dr. Howard never forgot for a single hour the duty he owed to the unfortunate woman whom he had voluntarily made the partner of his life, nor estimated less the claims she really had on his compassion and tenderness.

For nearly fifteen years he bore patiently with all her caprices, all her waywardness, all that terrible restlessness of which you yourself, Emily, have had a slight specimen; and then, worn out with anxiety and the watchfulness he had deemed it necessary ever to exercise, he died, leaving me, his only child, in some measure to supply his place and undertake his painful charge.

It was of course only on his death-bed that my father related to me the mournful history I have now been telling you, and he did it then with a view of engaging my tenderest pity on behalf of the unhappy lady whom it was his earnest wish that I should watch over as carefully, if not as anxiously, as he had done. Up to that time I had seen but little of my step-mother, having resided chiefly, after my father's second marriage, with an uncle who has since died ; but I had no hesitation in promising most solemnly to do my utmost in carrying out the last wishes of a father I so truly loved and revered. He implored me to share, as long as it should be possible, the home of his widow, and not to unite myself to any one who would object to reside under the same roof with her. Porson and Martin were both old servants of my father's, and are acquainted, not only with the main facts which you have now heard, but with the belief Dr. Howard entertained that, sooner or later, insanity would plainly manifest itself. Hence the watchfulness you have already remarked upon, and the benevolent pity with which both these trustworthy individuals regard their mistress. A few more words, and then my long story will be finished, Emily, and your curiosity, I hope, abundantly satisfied.

During the three years that have elapsed since my poor father's death, I have conscientiously striven to discharge the trust reposed in me *to the letter* as well as *in the spirit*. But my own firm conviction is, and has been from the beginning, that Mrs. Howard's mind is as sound and as little likely to lose its balance as yours, or my own. She has become eccentric and restless from the craving that exists in every human heart, however stricken, to snatch at some little interest in life, and those occasional fits of heavy dispondency which we all so greatly deplore are surely but the natural results of the bitter and painful memories connected with the past that must rush like a flood upon her from time to time. If my poor father's unchangeable convictions did not haunt me as they do, I should certainly try an experiment which my *own* judgment inclines me to hope would be attended with happy results. I should speak openly to Mrs. Howard of those persons and those days which for eighteen years no living creature has presumed to mention to her. I should tell her that the child she was accused of destroying still lives, and that the mother only died many, many years after Pauline's interview with her, and from the effects of the climate to which her husband had taken her. These particulars Dr. Howard himself discovered long before his death ; but so great was his fear of hastening the catastrophe, he always saw in the distance, that he dared not revive the buried subject, even to convey

to his poor wife the intelligence that *might* have been salvation to her. When I ventured, in that last solemn hour we spent together, to argue with him a little on this subject, he only shook his head mournfully, and prayed me to give him credit for having done what was really best, and to *continue the course he had pursued*. He added that his own impression was, that it was not the shock of being told she was a murderess that had done the most mischief to the mind and character of his unhappy Pauline, but the *first shock* of discovering treachery and falsehood in those she had so implicitly and confidently trusted. In this, I think he was probably right; but still I would risk bringing even that fearful time vividly before her (we know that memory, unaided from without, does it constantly), for the sake of giving her the assurance that she is free from the blood of her old friend's child.

"Tell me what you think about it, Emily, and indeed about my story altogether, for truly you have been a most attentive and patient listener."

I had—not once interrupting him to ask a single question, though a hundred had suggested themselves in the course of the narrative; and had not the daylight waned as we sat there together he would have seen my tears falling, and sometimes my cheeks burning, as what he told me called forth these different manifestations. I said now:

"Thank you a thousand times for the confidence you have reposed in me, and for having made me understand in some measure my own strange coldness towards this poor, poor Pauline. And yet I think I shall be able to like her better now—her wrongs were so great and cruel—no wonder she abhors the name of Emily. I am glad, wicked though it may be, that Mrs. Milton had her beauty destroyed. I believe if I had had courage I should, under similar provocation, have done the same. And as for the man—oh, Stephen, is it possible that he was suffered to enjoy any comfort with his worthless wife—to live even—after blighting another's life as he did? How I should hate and despise such a weak, selfish, unstable being."

"Hush, hush, Emily!" said Stephen in a tone of gentle reproof; "you have grown excited over this long promised romance of mine, but your natural indignation at the wrongs inflicted on the heroine of it must not make you harsh or unjust towards the other actors in my story. I do not for a moment excuse their conduct, but I remember, while condemning it, that I am human myself, and therefore as liable to err. No doubt they were strongly tempted,

and we must remember that Pauline herself really put the temptation in their way."

"It would have been no temptation," I said, "had Mr. Milton's first love been genuine. I should thoroughly despise a man who, solemnly engaged to one woman, was not to be trusted in the constant society of another."

"Should you?" my companion asked, in what struck me as a peculiar tone; "but you know little of life or of human nature, Emily. A larger experience will convince you that the virtue of shunning temptation is what we should all most desire, and ardently pray for. Once enter voluntarily a dangerous path, or continue in one which you suddenly discover to be dangerous, and the odds are fearfully against your getting safely to the end of it. We are all children, and it does not do to let us have edged tools to play with."

Perhaps I had some reason to agree with Stephen in this, but just now I did not want to talk about anything which might bear a personal application. I replied therefore that all his arguments would not make me dislike Mr. Milton less, and then asked whether that gentleman had ever returned to Europe.

"I believe he has," Stephen said; "but, as you may suppose, with the charge I have undertaken, he is not a person with whom I should seek to be brought in contact. Miss Mountjoy died two or three years after her niece's marriage to my father, so that Mrs. Howard is literally at the present time without a relative in the world."

"Well, I agree with you," I said, when I had quietly thought the matter over for a few minutes, "that the experiment might safely be made of speaking to her about her former friends. The wife being dead, it is probable that her animosity against the husband would cease, and this child of theirs—whom she was said to have killed—who knows but what the mere fact of its existence might entirely change the whole current of Mrs. Howard's thoughts and life! Oh, Stephen, do make up your mind to tell her all about it. I am sure it would be wise and right."

"If any one is to tell her, Emily," he answered gravely, "it must be yourself, for, as I need not now repeat to you, you are the person she cares most for in the world; but we must wait a little longer, and consider it a little more fully. At Schwartzen we will come to a decision; we shall have no excitement, no distractions, nothing but rest and perfect quiet there."

"You speak confidently," I said, unable quite to control the irritation I always felt when that place was mentioned; "but how

can you possibly tell that everything will be so serenely delightful at your beloved Schwartzens? Has human care and suffering been banished entirely from its dark woods and grass-grown streets? If so, I wonder it is not more thickly peopled."

"Alas, no," he replied with a sigh that I felt nervously inclined to echo; "but I spoke according to what I am *hoping* we shall both experience there. It is very late now, Emily, and I believe I must act the tyrant to-night, and order you off to bed. Porson has looked in three times to see if we are still here."

Although I was neither tired nor sleepy I made no resistance to his commands, for in truth I had a great deal to think of, over and above the romance in which I had been so deeply interested. There had been points in Stephen's narrative that to my apprehension he had dwelt on significantly, and they seemed to favour those hopes which had lately been so rapidly growing, that I was not quite an object of indifference to him. Particularly I dwelt on what he had said concerning his father's earnest desire that he should unite himself to no one who would be unwilling to live with Mrs. Howard. Coupling the fact of Stephen's repeating this to me, with his acknowledged anxiety—beginning from the time we had met in Paris—that I should become attached to that lady, was it surprising that I should thus view the matter, especially as my eyes were fully opened now to the state of my own affections, and I knew that my whole life's happiness, if not my life itself, depended on the question of Stephen Howard's regard for me?

As I lay awake that night, deeply pondering all the past and future, and summoning up from the most sacred and treasured depths of memory every word and look that seemed to confirm my hopes, the thoughts with which I had hitherto contemplated our intended sojourn at Schwartzens gradually changed their character, till I came to anticipate it with positive pleasure, and to believe that it was there my destiny would be finally decided.

Ah, what a future it was that my imagination—never brilliant or fanciful before—then sketched, as through the muslin curtains of my little bed I looked out at the soft moonbeams shining into the room, and revealing here and there some piece of furniture or ornament they fell upon with curious distinctness.

I wished, though, that they had not rested with quite so much persistency upon one small object laid carelessly on the dressing-table. It disturbed my bright, waking dreams again and again, and conveyed, mute and motionless as it was, a double reproach to me.

It was poor John Livingston's parting gift, and alas! during the last few weeks, I had nearly forgotten both it and its giver.

CHAPTER XX.

"LISTEN."

Rome was the last of the fair Italian cities in which we made any stay. Mrs. Howard continued to suffer greatly both in health and spirits, and whenever this was the case it appeared a moral impossibility for her to remain stationary even for a day. I thought too she had taken it into her head that I cared more for Stephen than he cared for me, and that consequently it would be doing me a kindness to prevent any renewal of that close and friendly intercourse we had heretofore enjoyed, and which she herself had undoubtedly till now encouraged.

Even in Switzerland, where we both begged for a little longer rest, Mrs. Howard contrived to join us (ill as she really was) in nearly all the walks or drives we undertook in the picturesque and enchanting environs of the towns we were passing through. She made the excuse that Switzerland was as new to her as to Stephen or myself, and that its wildness interested her far more than any of the soft and sunny scenes of France or Italy had done. I did certainly think sometimes, that, if I had been in Stephen's place, I could have managed, without appearing in the least unkind, to steal a march upon his step-mother occasionally; but then again I reflected that men were never such clever contrivers of these little matters as women, and that, having planned a full disclosure of his sentiments at Schwartzen, he was content, in the meanwhile, to fall in quietly with Mrs. Howard's whims. I was the more encouraged to keep steadfast hold of the hopes which every recent circumstance had tended to strengthen, from the fact that whenever we were together, either with or without Mrs. Howard (though, as I have said, the latter rarely happened now), Stephen seemed more employed in *watching* me, than in endeavouring to entertain or please me, as he had formerly done. Why I should have taken this as a *good* sign, might be difficult to say, except that having passed the threshold of a new world and quaffed deeply from an intoxicating bowl, I saw all things through a rainbow-coloured medium, and nothing, either on the earth or above the earth, as it really was.

It was no wonder that Mrs. Howard, having once walked through this enchanted land herself, and felt its perfumed airs blowing softly and sweetly around her, should be quick in discovering *my* entrance to it, and tremblingly alive to the chances

of my being thrust rudely out into the bleak wilderness, as she had been.

"Dear Miriam," she said to me one day when I had been reading to her till I was quite hoarse, and my head was beginning to ache violently, "you are so good to me, and have been such a comfort in every way, from the time of your first coming into my family, that I should find it hard to part with you—harder than I have found anything for many a long year."

"Then why think of it even?" I asked, returning (with far greater warmth than before I knew her history I had been able to manifest) the kind pressure of the hand she had bestowed in speaking—"you know I have no wish to leave you."

"Dear child, I do believe you are happy with us at last. Ah, Miriam, there was a time, even for me, in the far away years, when the sun's rays were all golden, and birds of paradise sang the live-long day in my ear, and fairies danced upon the green earth, and strewed its paths with flowers; but the blight fell suddenly, and upon all this glory came thick darkness, which has never since been dispelled. Rather than that *you* should have to walk in such darkness, I would send you from me at once, though, in doing so, I should be making a greater sacrifice than you could easily believe."

It would have been ridiculous for me to feign ignorance of the meaning clearly enough conveyed in these somewhat poetical words. I knew that Mrs. Howard referred to the belief, which had been growing upon her since our last days in Rome, that Stephen had won my heart without giving his own in return; and although I had no reason, apart from the secret convictions before alluded to, for holding a different opinion, these convictions were sufficiently powerful to enable me to say now, as I hid my face with the book I still held:

"Please let me stay where I am till either you grow tired of me, or I myself ask leave to depart. I have no fear of the darkness you speak of, and it would make me very, very unhappy to go."

Very tenderly my companion removed the shielding book from my hands, and gazed with a long, anxious gaze into my burning face. Then suddenly drawing me close to her, she kissed me as a loving mother would kiss a fondly cherished child, and said impressively:

"Heaven keep you always in the sunlight, dearest Miriam, and preserve you from the fatal error of building your hopes upon a foundation of sand!"

"You think there is danger then?" I asked, smiling a little

and striving to speak with an indifference that should veil my real interest in the subject, and make it appear as if I understood her to refer to general and not particular "hopes." "You still discredit the fact of my being a plain, unimaginative, every-day sort of girl, about as likely to revolutionize the world as to become the victim of any mere sentimental miseries?"

"I think," said Mrs. Howard gravely—(she never much liked the mocking way in which I was in the habit of speaking of romance and sentiment)—"I think you are one of Eve's daughters, and therefore in danger of falling into any of the snares which men or Satan spread for this weak sisterhood. If I am warning you unnecessarily, Miriam, forgive me, and believe that I have no dearer or more earnest wish than your happiness, in whatsoever that happiness may consist.

This was scarcely an answer to my question; but as I dared not put it in plainer terms, I was obliged to be content, while looking forward with ever increasing desire to the time that should end both my own and Mrs. Howard's suspense.

That same evening I was left for about half an hour alone with Stephen, and as he did not immediately lay aside the book he had been reading during the time his step-mother was in the room, I felt strongly impelled to interrupt his studies, and make him talk to me.

Surely one of our old, friendly gossips would be as pleasant and cheering to him as I knew it would be to me. Anyhow he must have seen that I was yearning with almost a sick-child's yearning for a few of those kind words of which he had formerly been so prodigal, but which had latterly given place to keen, watchful looks, that, however flattering, were not to the hungry heart what the words had been.

Not knowing for how long Mrs. Howard might choose to absent herself (for though she complained of headache and unusual weariness, I was positive she would come back, unless extreme indisposition hindered her), I attacked my companion on his unsociability at once, and asked—childishly it must have appeared—if I had done anything to offend him.

"You know you have not, Emily," he said, still, however, retaining his book and his seat at the other end of the room; "what can possess you to ask such a foolish question?"

"Because you don't talk to me as you used to do, and appear even now as if you were angry with me for disturbing you in your reading. That cat lying at your feet—I am sure I don't know how all the cats find you out—receives more notice than I do. But

never mind; if you don't *wish* to talk I will get a book too. I should be sorry to make you angry."

"Angry, Emily!" he replied, in a pained, though unreproachful, tone—"do you think I could be angry with you. There, I have closed the offending book, and now we will talk as much as you like. You know Mrs. Howard has monopolized you entirely lately, and though I have missed our delightful walks, and talks, and readings, I have been so glad to observe that you have appeared more warmly attached to this poor lady than you were formerly. It was a good thought of mine to tell you her history, was it not, Emily?"

"Yes," I said, a sunbeam stealing into my heart with every word he spoke, "I am very glad to have heard it; but do you know, Mrs. Howard hinted to-day at the possibility of dispensing with my services. Only think, if I should be sent back to England and deprived of seeing your bewitching Schwartzen after all!"

He could not guess the lightness or the joyousness of the spirit which prompted me to talk thus foolishly; and as I had spoken gravely enough, and there was the width of a large room between us, he took what I said quite seriously—replying to it, by asking a fuller explanation, in a voice of real concern.

"Nay," I continued, intensely enjoying what I interpreted as his sorrow at the idea of losing me even for a time—"I do not say that the day of my departure is actually fixed, or that I should have no personal regrets at leaving you all, but—"

Here I stopped abruptly, for, fool that I was! a choking had come into my throat and tears into my eyes at the simple thought of that being a reality which I was only chattering about as a jest. It was but a momentary vision, a vision of my being parted for ever from Stephen, but it seemed to stab my heart through and through, and to make another word just then impossible.

Fortunately the distance between us prevented my face from being clearly seen, but the voice dropping so suddenly must have betrayed the existence of strong emotion of some kind. Stephen only waited about a minute and then crossed the room quickly to where I sat. Now my face was distinctly visible to him, with all its trembling changes and tearful agitation. Now too I saw, even through my own shame and emotion, the strange trouble painted in *his* countenance, though mingling with it was that unspeakable tenderness which seemed to reach the depths of my heart and dispel its every fear.

"Emily," he said, and his voice, very soft and very low, soothed me even more than his look had done—"Emily, I was going to ask

you what ailed you, but I think it would be an idle question. Dear Emily" (here he drew a chair close to mine, and took one of the hands whose excessive trembling could not escape his notice), "I will ask you instead to listen patiently and kindly to something I want to say to you. I did not mean to say it just yet, but now I know it will be best to do so. Will you listen?"

I could only reply by the slightest possible pressure of the hand which was holding mine. It was no small thing to me to be on the verge of receiving the assurance my soul had so long thirsted for, and there was besides a sort of mesmeric influence in Stephen's agitation that nearly overpowered me. When I lifted my eyes, cleared of their tears at least, to his face, I sought in vain for the smile that I was accustomed to see there. Could it be that he doubted my feelings? Oh the joy of being able presently to say openly and frankly to him: "With my entire heart and soul I love you."

Well, patience but a little longer; for sitting there with my hand clasped in his, and with those kind eyes beaming all their earnest light upon me, I shall surely soon both hear and speak the words that will seal our mutual blessedness.

(To be continued.)

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO :

ANNO DOMINI, 1815 : ANNO DOMINI, 1862.

BY ELIZABETH SHERIDAN CAREY.

[THE immediate interest of the following stanzas will be considerably heightened by the reader's recollection of the fact that within the last two or three days—that is on the 10th inst.—“*the Field of Waterloo*” was visited by an august and brilliant party, among the leading members of which were H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES with His future Bride THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK. —Sept. 12.]

O YEARS gone by!—the cannon's roar,
The charge, the shock, the carnage, o'er,
Death's madd'ning clarion heard no more—
Nor woman's tears :

How summer-calm the mighty plain,
Once gore-bedrench'd and choked with slain,
Thick waves the grass—the golden grain,—
Sweet sings the lark.

Men's minds are changed : friends, brothers, they
Who met in mortal hate that day,
Death-dealing in the bloody fray
Where legions fell :

Changed—and, in sacred bonds allied,
They fight and conquer side by side,
The sons of Sires who rival died

AT WATERLOO.

Behold ! the Grenadiers of France
With England's hero Guards advance,
To strains that bid the pulses dance
With proudest joy :

St. George's banner woos the sky,
Gaul's haughty Eagles soar on high,
And fills the air, one fervent cry
Of prayer and praise.

O England, Mother of the free !
O France, inspir'd of chivalry !
Would ye vex not your destiny,

MARCH HAND IN HAND.

[BRUSSELS.]

FROM MARSEILLES TO ROME.

BY F. A. M.

THE repose of the voyagers in the saloon was considerably disturbed by the vigorous snoring of a fat party in one corner. Sighs of disgust and hopelessness, grumbles of discontent, and smothered imprecations broke from the restless sleepers as they turned from one side to the other throughout the greater part of the night, while the sonorous sound of the heavy sleeper reverberated through the cabin, now in the profound *basso*, now away up into the thrilling *falsetto*, then adroitly turning a corner and coming down again into the deeper tones of the trombone. It was with considerable interest that every one next morning watched the up-rising of their fat friend, to get a good look at him, and see if his expression or the formation of his nasal organ gave any unusual indications of power in his peculiar faculty.

The morning was fine, and it was refreshing to go on deck to snuff the sea-breeze as the vessel rolled along over the swelling waves of the Mediterranean. No land being visible, there was nothing to be seen but the broad expanse of the bright and classical waters. Few of my fellow-travellers made their appearance on deck before breakfast, and it was not till well on in the forenoon that many turned out with yellow countenances to enjoy the sunshine and the sea air. The American jeweller had evidently passed a bad night, having had to contend with the accumulated bile of years—the last box of cigars weighing heavily on his mind, for to an over indulgence in that insinuating weed did he lay the cause of all his woes. The cornet of light dragoons was as brisk as a bee; he paraded about in his light shooting coat and pork-pie hat, shouting for his courier, abusing the garçon, and playing many fantastic tricks before the admiring fair, who pensively sat on camp-stools evidently wishing the voyage well over.

It was upon this occasion that I became acquainted with Mr. Trottles, poet and essayist, an acquaintanceship which afterwards warmed into friendship. When I first saw him he was standing amidships enjoying his forenoon cigar; he was wrapped in a coarse pilot coat of scanty longitude, beneath which protruded the tails of his coat proper; he wore a sailor's hat. Mr. Trottles always dressed to suit the occasion, and the collar of his shirt was turned over, displaying a Byronic throat. He was of middle height and would have been handsome had not his knees shown an unfortunate affection for one another, which a keen observer of character would have noted as indicative of his kind, almost womanly heart. His nose was the feature which marked the manly side of his

nature—Napoleon always estimated a man by his nose—it was large and Roman, and would have been perfect had it not been too thick at the point. Mr. Trottles smoked a cigar which almost dwarfed this commanding feature of his face ; it appeared at a little distance to be jealous of the smoke arising from the cook's funnel, and blew clouds accordingly.

I soon got into interesting conversation with Mr. Trottles, and found amid much information, political, literary, and personal, that he was descended from the family of de la Trottles, which came over to England with William the Conqueror. He had been intended for the law, but being fond of literature, and the leisure which is necessary for the full development of the poetic faculty, had fled the Temple. He confided to me that although his poetical efforts had met with a success which perfectly astounded his relations, he had not found them remunerative. His first poem, "The Raid of the Red Indians," an epic in six cantos, had been published purely from a love and admiration for his genius by Messrs. Smotherbard & Cram, of Paternoster Row—he, Trottles, paying all expenses. He told me with a sigh and a glare of the eye that it had been severely handled by the critics. I assured him that that was a good sign, and that our best poets had been similarly treated. He nearly embraced me. He impressed upon me that the epic was not his forte ; and although his friend Sornwell insisted that it was, and wrote it up in "Six-times-a-Week," still he felt that it was in domestic verses that he excelled. His lines to a sucking infant had to his certain knowledge created a great sensation and melted several mothers of his acquaintance to tears.

I further gathered from conversation that as an essayist he viewed matters in a different light, and looked upon life and literature through quite another pair of spectacles. When in the critic's chair his judgment was called into play, and his imagination kept in abeyance ; he was caustic, severe, trenchant. In fact it might be said that it was the nose rather than the knees which predominated at these times and gave colour and tone to his intellect. He had no patience with the twaddle and rubbish of the present day, and if any poet had dared to write lines to a babe in tears, he, Trottles, would have torn them to tatters in the journal to which he was a contributor.

That elderly gentleman with a calm, cold face and enquiring gray eyes—the flaps of whose travelling cap stand up like the ears of that animal to which so many of weak humanity bear a strong resemblance—is an American lawyer. You will observe he constantly studies *Murray* and *Bradshaw*, and is ever seeking information from the captain, steward, cabin-boy, or whoever approaches him. I tried him for half an hour, but was so *pumped* that I have shied him ever since. The large, pale, lolling lady on the seat with cushions and wrappers, is his wife. She has been rather pretty and still wears the ringlets of her youth, is of a slightly romantic turn of mind, and *adores* Byron and moonlight. How did that matter-of-fact, information-seeking lawyer

come to marry one so different?—the secret will out, she had money. But how did *she* come to take *him*?—perhaps Theodosius Maximilian Scipio Strangways, on whom her affections were set, went all to the dogs.

Steamboat travelling on the Mediterranean is very similar to steamboat travelling anywhere else; the time is passed in conversing with or quizzing your fellow-travellers, or in staring at the sea and wearying for dinner time, provided your stomach keeps all right. The vessels of the *Messageries Imperiales* are very fine and well appointed, and officered by men of intelligence. The dinner is served in admirable style, and is such as you meet with at the *table d'hôte* of a first-rate hotel in France.

In the afternoon the shores of Corsica came in sight: a village nestled near the beach, while the hills which rose behind it were dotted over with houses and villas, which shone out upon the sea from their dark background. As night began to fall we saw from the other side of the vessel the less frequented shores of Elba. How suggestive was the sight of those two islands! The birth-place and the prison of the great Napoleon! To what an endless chain of thought they gave rise as we quietly sailed past their shores, the hill-tops of the latter draped in gray mist—"for the night-cloud had lowered"—and everything wearing the aspect of repose. No one can pass Elba now without expressing surprise at the short-sightedness of placing Napoleon thereon—the shores of his native place and of France being not far distant.

We all settled down once more in the saloon for another night's rest, and it was not till far on in the morning that the snoring party began to sound his horn. It could not be submitted to a second time, so the cornet of light dragoons rising up, appealed to every one, "if this was not a nuisance past enduring?" There was a general shout of acquiescence and approbation, so the enemy of our repose had to bundle on his clothes and go on deck to take a walk in the gray of the morning.

At an early hour we were nearing Civita Vecchia, so I hurried on deck to get my first peep of Italy—disappointing, decidedly—the shores were tame, the fields green, and a soft gray mist was hanging above them. This is not the part of Italy to near to have our romantic ideas of its shores realized. Civita Vecchia harbour is not imposing, and the dirty gray-looking buildings all around do not impress you; but they gradually begin to strike you as being extremely picturesque in form, and admirably adapted for sketchers and photographers. The portfolios are soon brought out, and there are several at work with chalk and water-colours as we lie at anchor for hours waiting the pleasure of the custom-house officers. We are now in the land of mismanagement, delay, and extortion, so call upon Heaven to grant you a liberal allowance of patience.

The impressions formed of any place of interest from paintings and engravings, although in the main correct, are generally warm, picturesque, and even poetical; so that it is some time before you can reconcile reality

with your preconceived ideas of the scene. Barring the dirt, the *felucas* and the fishermen with their red cowls were very picturesque as they rowed about the harbour; and the little grinning urchins were very characteristic as they drew up to the side of the vessel begging *bajocchi*, and tendering oranges for sale. About nine o'clock the custom-house officers came on board, and called out the names of the passengers, delivering to each a billet or receipt to be presented at the custom-house for which his passport was to be returned—it having been in the possession of the captain of the vessel during the voyage. The confusion, uproar, and delay in examining the luggage, and giving over the passports, the howling, hauling, and roaring of porters, with the importuning of beggars, was beyond all description. Mr. Trotties was spared the annoyance of undoing his portmanteau for the rude inspection of the officer, for it had tumbled over the side of the boat when being handed from the steam-vessel, and had not been recovered. We were conveyed to the railway station in omnibuses, and after two hours' travelling by a train which went at a very safe speed, through a flat and by no means picturesque country, we came in sight of the Eternal City. It would be superfluous to dwell on our emotions on approaching one of the most interesting places on earth, and the difficulty we had in persuading ourselves that it was actually Rome, which now rose before us. Disappointment at first mingled with the delight of viewing the Queen on the Seven hills, and it was only after that feeling subsided that the grandeur, beauty, and endless interest of the city grew upon us. We entered it in old tumble-down omnibuses, very much to Mr. Trotties' disgust, who I think had a secret idea that he would be driven in on some second-hand chariot of Julius Cæsar.

We drove from one hotel to another but all were full, for the pilgrims to Rome during Easter are called legion, and it was not till after much trouble and fatigue that our party succeeded in getting a suite of apartments where we could be comfortably lodged. Moving about our rooms in the Via Gregoriana, we were ever turning from what occupied our attention to look out upon the spires, domes, and columns of the fallen mistress of the world, so fascinating was the scene. Situated as we were close to the Pincian hill, we had the advantage at any moment of surveying one of the very finest views of Rome; all the lesser objects of interest rising to the great climax—St. Peter's. Away from England, from home, and from all the little cares which hang like clouds in the mental atmosphere of every one—in a foreign land, and freed for a time from the oppression caused by life-long associations—no one so situated but must feel himself a new creature rising into a higher state of existence, for whenever the mind bounds away into "pastures new," and feeds on and revels in intellectual beauty, a new birth is begun in the soul, a higher faculty has been touched. It is not absolutely necessary that a man should be a book-worm and profound scholar before he visits Rome with the hope of enjoying it: the more knowledge he has and the greater

his classical learning the better; still to one with a moderate share of these acquirements and with a lively sense of the rare and beautiful, and an aptitude for appreciating what is brought under his notice, the wondrous array of objects of interest—from the ruins of the ancient city and the structures of the middle ages to the church ceremonies of the present day—must more than repay him for all the trouble and fatigue of his travels. To read, to understand, and to picture to the mind in the sober colours of reality, or lit up with a ray of imagination, is only surpassed by seeing with a clear vision. To one who has read glowing descriptions in the writings of Madame de Stael, Willis, Andersen, or Bulwer, or whose own fancy has lit up the page of history until it has risen to the sublime, Rome must at first appear less grand and imposing than was anticipated; but when the mind has gradually disabused itself of all preconceived notions, and begins to rise step by step from one master-piece to another, and reflects amid the vast ruins of antiquity, then the amazing opulence and art-wealth of the Eternal City is felt and acknowledged, and the magnificence of its ancient grandeur better understood.

“I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!”

So sang the author of the “Pleasures of Memory,” and I do not think the early sensations of the pilgrim to the Eternal City could be better described. The difficulty of realizing the great fact, the exultations of delight, the consummation of many, many a waking dream, the irresistible desire to rush forth and see all, with a feverish fear that a moment should be lost, together with a feeling of physical activity equal to the exertion required, are all in these few lines set forth so as to elicit the approbation of those who have had an opportunity of ascertaining the truth of the emotions they express.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY THE REV. G. E. MAUNSELL.

THAT the same age which has given us the almost uncontrolled use of steam, and the electric telegraph, should even for a moment have admitted, much more tolerated, such an illusion as the so called Spiritualism of the present day, would be indeed a mystery, in itself greater than any which this movement has hitherto ventured to display, did we not remember, that in every widely spread fallacy which has for a season more or less pervaded the popular mind, there is always just so much of truth to be found at its base as will keep the whole superstructure from at once collapsing.

Spiritualism is no exception to this general rule, at least so far as the now pretty clearly ascertained fact goes, that there are certain phases of the human nervous system from which, on due provocation given, certain phenomena will be produced.

Whether these be called Animal Magnetism, Odylie force, Electrobiology, or what we will, this power—as yet imperfectly understood, and more imperfectly investigated, by men of real scientific knowledge—works in many different and startling phenomena according to the predisposition of the nervous system of those influenced by it. We say, of those influenced by it; because, whilst men and women of delicate, nervous, and excitable temperaments easily succumb to it, with others of robuster habit, it is utterly powerless and inefficient.

This fact, extending from the simple hysteric fit, which we know one female will (although we know not, *how* or *why*) communicate to others busied about her, although the males present remain wholly unaffected, up to the more abstruse phenomena of the thought-reading of the clairvoyant, proves indisputably that the power takes its rise from natural, and not non-natural causes.

Attributed in the middle ages to Satanic influence, as in the celebrated case of the nuns of Loudun; or to the interposition of Saints, as in the miraculous cures by the touch or even sight of their tombs or relics; and later still, to the direct Divine Power, as in the American and Irish revivals, this one requisite remains indispensable—That the patient be physically and mentally predisposed towards it. Whilst in the phenomena of thought-reading and clairvoyance, although what is actually *present* in, or *passing through*, the mind of another may be divined; yet, given a subject upon which all are necessarily ignorant, and the power either totally ceases, or sinks into a mere guess, based only upon probability.

To those curious in such matters, and at the same time desirous of

using their own common sense, we would recommend the perusal of "Abercromby on the Intellectual Powers,"—especially those chapters which treat of the phenomena arising from hysteria and catalepsy.

Thus far we have taken a cursory view of what is popularly called "Mesmerism," or "Electro-biology," not with any intention of disproving supernatural agency, to which we believe neither Mr. Capern, or any other Professor of "healing by the hand and will," lay claim; nor for the purpose of discussing whether or no such power can be successfully used by the physician; but rather because, as we before stated, Mesmerism appears to be the one germ of truth in this farrago of incongruous material.

That the phenomena of Electro-biology are resorted to by the Spiritualists, we presume they will not deny: indeed, we believe that Spiritualism is asserted to be an advance upon it. Precisely at this point, truth terminates and falsehood begins.

The Mesmerist will perform his cures and work his phenomena in the face of day. The Spiritualist must have his darkened room, or dubious light, before his spirit-hand can be shown—before your leg can be pinched, or before the grand feat of floating in mid-air can be performed. The necessity for this would alone give rise to no small suspicion; but when, in addition, we are told that certain persons only can perform the office of a medium, the clumsy junction of Mesmerism and Spiritualism—truth, as far as it be available, and jugglery where it is not—seems apparent; for, although we may grant that Mesmerism, a natural power, can influence certain temperaments only, this restraint upon what is assumed to be supernatural is absurd. When Professor Faraday pointed out the reason why tables turned without any seeming effort of those who placed their hands upon them, we little thought that the same article of furniture would be chosen for the organ of communication between this world and the world of spirits; neither do we suppose that it would have been, were it not that its covering aid in accordion playing, leg pinching, and the like, seems almost indispensable. Whilst therefore we admit that many an hysterically disposed person may really believe that spirits guide her hand in the production of vaguely written messages from the dead, and in the delineation of impossible flowers, and feel disposed to pity them rather than to blame, we at once assert that Herr Frikell, or even a far less talented Professor of sleight of hand, without any aid from a darkened room will, on requisition, easily raise and exhibit far more satisfactory manifestations than the deffest ghost-seer of the present day. But in truth, the partially explored regions of animal magnetism, the weak enthusiasm and the weaker heads of many, together offer a field of profit to the charlatan of which he has not been slow to take advantage. Of his dupes what can we say, but, that better the faith of the untaught country damsel, who in full confidence listens to her shilling's worth of husbands and children from the swart gipsy-woman—for she at least receives for her money matter that she can understand—than the miserable delusion of those who, having truly loved and sincerely lamented their

departed friends, can find comfort in the belief that their spirits are pulling at their hair, pinching their legs, or pumping out an air upon a distant accordion. Better the Norwood dream-book, or Napoleon's book of fate, so long as all the information these spirits can bestow upon their relatives, yearning for an insight into the mysteries of the unseen world, consists of a vaguely worded and oftentimes ill-spelt message relative to what they either knew before, or by no possibility whatever can even care to know. Contrast such a belief with our Christian hope that the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, shall be perfected in Christ; and say is not such a trust but as a shadow, if those who, when on earth, could speak plainly their thoughts and aspirations can now declare their presence but by tying a knot in a handkerchief, or rapping; and a vain delusion, if the souls of the dear departed, whom the Holy Spirit declared by the mouth of John in the Apocalypse "blessed, that they may rest from their labours," are at the call of any one who will pay two guineas for a *séance*. And yet, whilst the credulity of the Spiritualist appears boundless, by some strange deficiency he lacks the reverence that true faith ever possesses. Puerile as the whole compound of jugglery and nonsense be, it is hard to refrain from some feeling of disgust towards those who can enter upon the confines of what they profess to believe the Unknown Land, with less of awe than a six year old youngster exhibits on approaching a blazing bowl of Snapdragon, or who can sit down to what we must call "a game at Spirits" with more *sang froid* than an old gentleman shows at cutting in for his rubber at whist.

But whether the victims of this delusion be of the above free and easy class, or of those who, giving implicit credence to its truth, attribute it to Satanic influence, and solemnly relate their awe at beholding the gambols of an obstreperous table suddenly checked by the imposition of a Bible, to each and all of these the danger is the same.

In every mind, be it ever so truly balanced, there lurks a latent germ of superstition, and a longing, by times, to look into the mysteries of the Silent Land. When these feelings are habitually dwelt upon, and indulged, and that too by weak and vacillating or madly enthusiastic minds, can we wonder at the results which so often follow. The overwrought brain softens, the delicate nervous system dwindles and wastes, and many a revivalist and modern prophetess is even now the hopeless inmate of a mad-house or the tenant of an early grave. Nature will surely assert herself, and in this, as in all other matters, sooner or later the crime is the parent of its own punishment.

Yet, weak, and we had almost said, wicked, as this movement is, it is, nevertheless, not without its useful lesson; for it shows us how utterly vain is reliance upon mere human acquirements.

We are presented with the incongruous spectacle of an age, which we may well define as scientific, in which exists, and that too amongst the educated classes, gross and downright credulity: on the one hand,

retaining that irreverence for the mysteries of nature which philosophical research too often engenders ; on the other, blindly acquiescing in statements which had staggered the belief even of the dark ages. With such persons argument is vain, scientific explanation useless. All that can be done, is to lay the plain and unadorned facts before those who have as yet retained the privilege of seeing with their own eyes, and judging for themselves.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE REV. G. E. MAUNSELL

THERE is no wave of Life that breaks
Upon the Eternal shore,
But bears upon its waters that,
Which passed, returns no more.

Then ask not Memory's fatal gift,
Her page with tears is wet,
Her every touch but wakens grief :
Seek rather to forget.

Say not, "The course of coming years
Some happier change may bring,
And o'er the track of earlier times
A softening shadow fling."

No : Life still holds her wonted course ;
First, hope—and then, regret.
Aim at the Present, and the Past
Fling from thee, and forget.

CHIEFLY ABOUT THE FUTURE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

"The future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up behind, over our heads."—RAHEL.

To speculate upon the probable advancement of science in the future, calculated from what has been accomplished up to the present time, is provocative of curious thought. Supposing there should be a similar amount of progress in the next hundred years to that of the past century, what an alarmingly fast age there is in store for our children and our children's children! The wonders of the Arabian Nights, the stories of Baron Munchausen, the flying island visited by Lemuel Gulliver, will be robbed of their attractions by sober facts which will outstrip, in their marvellous characteristics, the romantic imaginings of the wildest fiction. How it must teem with wonders the womb of the future! Whilst he annihilates, Time is busy with fresh creations; alternate decay and renovation is apparent in all things. Though the destroyer has crushed, under his iron heel, the earliest monuments of Progress; though the gorgeous palaces, and aqueducts, and viaducts of Greece and Rome have fallen, new works have arisen, fresh creations have reared their giant heads, and made their marks on the pages of history. And so we may expect Time to roll on until the epoch of the New Zealander on London Bridge, or the still less likely coming of the millennium.

There are busy days in store for Europe. The prophecy is as safe an one as if Zadkiel himself had made it. The tide of human progress must flow onwards. The wave is too strong to exhaust itself; if it is driven back for a time, it will only be to move forward again with increased impetuosity, as when the tide of ocean sets in upon some pebble-strewn bay. The struggle of the peoples against the extremes of autocratic and republican government will continue, with all its bloody attributes, as surely as the brook which rises in the hill top will flow into the valley below. Despotism of monarchy and despotism of republicanism are on their trial. Liberty has raised her standard with an earnestness that exhibits a power of endurance and patience heretofore seldom observable in the rebellion of oppressed peoples. The rising of Italy, unblemished by the blurs of fanaticism and vengeance, has lighted a flame which must eventually purge Europe of Tyranny or set the hellish monarch still higher on his fearful throne. There is more danger in the prayers and supplications of the unarmed mobs of Warsaw, than in the popular cries and assassinations

which have so often been the forerunners of collisions between the governed and the governing. The war now desolating the great continent of America may be preliminary to the liberty of the enslaved African. Again and again will war despoil agriculture and commerce of their triumphs, and lay waste the fairest territories, until the world shall burn and be purified ; for we cannot think, however Utopian the notions about a millennium, the period is far distant when an all-wise Providence will see fit to heal the pestilential spots that fester and breathe out contagion to the world's peace and civilisation.

If she be true to her own inherent virtue of freedom, England's place, amidst this ferment of progress, will be that of The World's Arbitrator—not enforcing her judgments by the power of Armstrong guns or Enfield rifles, but exercising influence by her word, being at all times enabled to make that word respected, and having earned by her justice and wisdom a title to the judgment seat. Oh ! what a glorious future will be that of Britain, if her capabilities for power and her present greatness be indicative of that which is to come. The mistress of Empire all over the world ; her tongue the language in which are enshrined the wisdom of sages, the revelations of the most subtle inventors, the noblest images of the poets, the prayers of the world's greatest martyrs, the traditions and history of her own unparalleled greatness ; her tongue, the language known and spoken in every land and on every sea ; her flag, the beacon of hope for the oppressed ; her name, a talisman to stimulate energy, encourage genius, abash cowardice, and elevate all the true attributes of national greatness ; her princes and rulers models for all time, and her people the chosen of God for the accomplishment of mighty purposes.

It is to the safe-keeping of the children of the present day, that Great Britain will have to entrust the highly prized legacy of virtue and liberty for which our sires have fought and bled in a hundred fields of carnage. Our boys, at college, in our ragged schools, running wild about our streets, undergoing punishment in our gaols, going through the sieve of the reformatory, will be the statesmen, the philosophers, the authors, the poets, the merchants, the sailors, the soldiers of the next generation. Have you ever contemplated a group of boys and thought so ? It is a picture fruitful of many pleasant yet serious ideas, a knot of youngsters in any sphere of life. What a happy ignorance youth exhibits of the vastness of its inheritance. The statesman, in embryo, is intent upon the quality of a “tor ;” the future poet, who shall touch the hearts of millions, is all engrossed in a paper kite ; the coming judge, with a spinning top ; the divine, with a history of “Blue Beard.” Happy boyhood ! could ye but get a glimpse of the future, the gigantic machinery of which must be moved by your hands, what a fairyland of romance, and prodigy of spectacle would open up to your wondering and bewildered gaze. Happy boyhood ! that never thinks of the battles it will have to fight, the engines to drive, the telegraphs to work, the ships to man, the forlorn

hopes to make up, the coals to raise, the perils and dangers that await it in the future that is dawning!

No matter what their station in life, boys inherit the same restless spirit of ambition which is characteristic of our race. A love of adventure is visible throughout the whole boy world. At school, the aim of the young scholar is to rise above his companions. At play, the ambition of the same boy is to be the cleverest at every sport and pastime; and so on, the spirit of emulation may be traced throughout every phase of boyhood. To direct this ambition into the proper channel—to set before the young aspirants for fame, prizes worthy their energies, calculated to develop those faculties which, left to grow of their own accord, often degenerate into vice—is to make clever and useful men instead of scoundrels.

Children born in the midst of poverty are an integral part of the big world, influenced by the same "devil-may-care" spirit, prone alike to mischief and adventure; possessing faculties which, cultivated, give stability to our race, adorn our literature, strengthen our commerce, and give additional vigour to our great hives of industry. But unlike the more fortunate of the boy-creation, the children of poverty and profligacy, in most cases, lack the humanizing influences which cast sunny rays over the lives of their happier brethren. Seldom do the ragged little occupants of the dark side of our cities know anything of maternal solicitude. No father directs the course of their ambition, and sets them an example of honour and honesty; no mother weeps over them in sickness nor soothes their little childish sorrows; no sister shields their trifling faults, awakening sensations of love and gratitude. Theirs is life in the vale of tears—a sombre valley, always in sight of the sunny hill-tops of affluence. Idleness and ignorance prepare mischief, plan ill deeds, and poor children with heaven-born faculties too frequently become criminals, outcasts from society, weeds instead of flowers, on life's highway. For these "waifs and strays" of humanity, ragged schools have done much, and may do more in the future. Surely the patronage of the State cannot be more legitimately exercised than in assisting in the moral advancement and education of the destitute children of the nation.

The highest duty of those who live in the present is the education of the generation which is rising up around them. This does not consist in the mere teaching of the elements of reading and writing. Education must not be degraded into mere mechanical instruction. It should include a serious and determined effort to implant in the mind of youth noble and virtuous sentiments, the duty of forbearance, the pleasures of benevolence, the beauty of patriotism, the manliness of self-reliance. It is a mistake to think that children have not acute sensibilities with regard to honour and affection. A sense of justice will often influence the minds of children as strongly as those of mature years. A child, in all the enthusiasm of pure affection, running to its mother with a present of fruit, falls and breaks the dish upon which is arranged the tempting prize it

has obtained for its parent. Without waiting for an explanation, the mother chastises the child for daring to remove the paltry bit of crockery. Who will doubt that the child who would have experienced pleasure from the mother's smile, would feel the punishment as an outrage upon its affectionate and generous intentions? There have been periods in many a child's life-time when a kind word, uttered at a fitting time, would have been welcomed with true gratitude and repaid a thousand-fold. Who amongst us cannot remember some time or other when a desire to throw our arms round a parent's neck, and sob out our love and repentance, has been roughly nipped in the bud by severe words? Charles Dickens, who excels all his contemporaries in the power of interpreting the thoughts and feelings of childhood, beautifully illustrates our meaning in "David Copperfield." "God help me, I might have been improved for my whole life by a kind word at that season. A word of encouragement and explanation, of pity for my childish ignorance, of welcome home, of re-assurance to me that it *was* home, might have made me dutiful to him in my heart henceforth, instead of in my hypocritical outside, and might have made me respect instead of hate him. I thought my mother was sorry to see me standing in the room so scared and strange, and that, presently, when I stole to a chair, she followed me with her eyes more sorrowful still—wishing, perhaps, more freedom in my childish tread—but the word was not spoken, and the time for it was gone."

It is undoubtedly a grave and serious responsibility that of being entrusted with the development and guidance of the faculties with which children are endowed. The woman who neglects her duty, as a mother, has much to answer for to posterity. The father who has not given to his child some good moral chart, which may be consulted when the sea of life is beset with darkness and difficulties, has not fulfilled his mission. Parental neglect is not merely a present injury. It is often an hereditary disease that afflicts future generations. We live again in our children, it is said. For the welfare of mankind this is too true. A bad mother has a host of successors. The taint of bad training, and careless teaching, will run through many families. The motto of the old song,

"It was my mother's custom and so it shall be mine,"

is too frequently acted upon.

If mothers only thought earnestly about their responsibilities, there would be much less of what is called "young ladyism." Children are not children now-a-days, they are "young ladies" and "young gentlemen." Children are not called by their Christian names now-a-days, they are misses and masters. The good plain Mary and Jane and Harry and John, which were wont to be understood in the sort of freemasonry that exists between children, are obsolete amongst the sons and daughters of *respectable* parents. Little Mary Smith is Miss Mary Smith (unless,

forsooth, her parents have adopted the aristocratic substitute of Smythe); and Harry Brown, riding his father's walking stick yonder, is *Master Harry*, even to his playmate; whose "ma" would be shocked indeed were not this same mark of respect accorded to her snub-nosed Johnny, who is studying the anatomy of a fly which has recently undergone the amputation of its fore legs. Boys may grow out of this nonsense as they gradually become men, with the exception of those who "vegetate" into things called "fops;" but, alas for the girls! in nine cases out of ten vanity will finish the work which parental folly has begun, and so the stock of silly wives and mothers is perpetuated. With the highest possible respect for the matrons of England of the present day, we cannot help thinking that there are excellent lessons to be learnt in economy, domestic duties, and the bringing up of families, from the lives of some of the ladies whose needlework and home-spun linen are exhibited in our ancient halls and castles. We should like to hear more of the old fashioned boast, about a young lady being as much at home in the kitchen as in the drawing-room. We should like to hear mothers talk more of the thoroughly domestic triumphs of their daughters, than of their evening parties and ball dresses. We should like it to be an established rule for the daughters of the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle to have at least as much instruction in cooking, and sewing, and the general management of a household, as in music and the fine arts generally: and as the census always shows a much greater number of women than men, we should like to see more female printers and telegraph clerks and less male drapers and waiters.

The place which Britain will occupy in the future depends much upon the doings of to-day. Woman exercises the greatest influence upon society. Let her refuse her countenance to the sensation shows, sensation books, sensation plays, and the other frivolities of the age, and the solid and substantial progress of the nation will be mightily advanced by the nation's wives and mothers.

O'ER THE HILLS THE SUN IS SETTING.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON).

O'er the hills the sun is setting,
 And the day has nearly gone ;
 Soon forgotten all its beauty,
 As the night comes creeping on ;
 Like a huge and sable shadow,
 With a grandeur in its gloom ;
 While the last rays of the sunlight,
 Paint it with a golden bloom !

Now the west looks like an ocean,
 Flooded with the sun's red rim ;
 And the clouds drenched in its glory,
 Slowly roll and sweetly swim.
 And I hear the bird's last warbles,
 Through the silence brightly start ;
 Like a strain of laughter leaping,
 From a maid's love-laden heart !

Now the giant sun is hidden,
 Faded from his western throne ;
 And the clouds have lost their splendour,
 And like ebon phantoms grown !
 Then I listen—all is silence,
 In the leaves the birds are hushed ;
 All is darkness deep and solemn,
 Where the sunken sun last blushed !

How I love this holy stillness,
 Where no human discords come ;
 In such calm and hallowed moments,
 Awed I stand like statue dumb !
 There are lessons for the weary,
 In these still and dreamy hours ;
 When the young Night vast and voiceless,
 O'er the town and hamlet towers !

In the distance lies the city,
 Mad with pleasure and with pain ;
 While the labour-stricken perish,
 'Mong the wealthy and the vain !
 Oft I wish when day has vanished,
 That true kindness clasped each man,
 Widely as the sun at evening
 Clasps the heavens in one bright span !

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK

BY J. C. TILDESLEY.

THE street-philosopher need never be at a loss for a theme of contemplation. As the great throng of human life glides onward, each item absorbed in its own intent, there opens out before the mind of a thoughtful observer, a wide field for study. Perhaps it is well for all of us, at times, to lay aside the feelings of mirth and humour which such scenes are likely to suggest, and to consider the subject in its serious aspect; for as we silently portray the faces in the crowd, and reflect upon the wherefore of their mission and the whither of their destiny, our thoughts are elevated to a higher platform, and the horizon of our holier sympathies brightens and extends. Let us stand aside now, and gaze for a moment at the tide of being as it rolls and surges through the streets of some great city. There they go, rich and poor, sad and joyous, buoyant youth and feeble age—some gliding in glad hope, some trudging in despair.

“ Sometimes a poet, with strange romances
 Writ in his brain, walks slowly by;
 Or a country girl who gaily glances
 At the marvels under the soot-dimm'd sky;
 Or the bubble lord of a mighty swindle,
 Thinking what flats *some* people are:
 To the merest atoms—how fast they dwindle,
 As we gaze at the river through Temple Bar!

“ Tonitrant writer in leading journal,
 Whirled in a cab to the square of type;
 Preacher of horrors sempiternal;
 Artist equal to Claude or Cuypp;
 Barefooted beggar, and High-Church rector;
Danseuse exquisite, brown Jack-tar;
 Penniless outcast, bank director:
 See how they surge through Temple Bar!”

And where are they going, all these? Where are they going, whose lives are bright and sunny? Where are they going whose years are dark and joyless? Ah! Brothers! Sisters! where are we all going? Mingling day by day with the same changing, shifting scenes of human lot—toiling, struggling, journeying along the self-same pilgrimage, at whose goal all men shall be equal!

Among the countless scenes of city life, few are more replete with *materiel* for philosophic observation, than the progress of the postman. As he threads his way along the street, he is distributing with equal concern, tidings of good and evil, messages of joy, pain, hope, despair, to

a thousand anxious expectants. Yonder at that sombre looking homestead with the quaint gables, he has gladdened a widow's heart with news from her sailor-boy at the antipodes ; while at the cheerful dwelling next door, his message had a black lining, and ere his footsteps died away, the darkened windows explained to those outside that there was sobbing and grief within. Here, he leaves a studied epistle full of eloquence, and word-beauty, and rhythm ; there, a scrawling note, which tells that somebody has "taken up his pen to write a few lines, hoping to find somebody else in good health, as it leaves him at present." Here, he rejoices a tradesman's heart, by leaving him a banker's draft ; there, he informs a young spendthrift that "Mr. Blank" (to whom he is indebted) "will have the pleasure of waiting upon him in the course of a few days when the favour of etc. etc. will greatly oblige." At yon Olympian pile at the street-corner, where the "Thames-on-Fire Review" is issued for the world's enlightenment, the postman lightens his burden considerably, to the discomfiture of the distracted editor of that brilliant journal, who is seated in a bower of manuscripts. What a medley has he left ! What precious stores of wit and wisdom from philosophers, poets, wits, and wags ! Here, a man of science propounds a new theory of forty pages ; there (in a pink envelope), Angelina mourns the departure of a pet bullfinch in a poem of six cantos : here, is an essay on the Currency question ; there, a detailed narrative of the Babbleton mystery : here—but enough. Poor editor ! we fear the postman's visit is no welcome one to thee ! It is curious to notice the manner in which people of varied temperament receive their letters. One impetuously tears open the envelope and reads tremblingly ; another stows his letter unopened into a side pocket, to be read at leisure ; another always *wonders who it's from*, and in order to find out, he scrutinizes the envelope, examines the seal, compares the writing, turns it over and over again, and then, as a last resource, he—*opens it !* One man's letters are borne into his presence on a tray by a powdered footman, another by the hands of his eager wife or child ; and some there are who don't mind waiting for their letters at the post-office on a winter morning, content to dance a shivering hornpipe on their frosty toes outside while the "sorters" are cosily at work within. As a rule no one is indifferent to the postman's knock : at the sound of his familiar *rat tat* the etiquette which keeps the most urgent friend waiting five minutes at the door is rarely observed. Leaving, however, these and kindred reflections to those of our readers who are disciples of Diogenes or Teufelsdröckh, we will pass on to notice the extraordinary development which has characterized the history of the post-office in this country.

Posts in one rude form or other appear to have existed from the darkest ages of antiquity. They were established in the time of the Roman Emperors ; and, according to Xenophon, Persia could boast of like institutions in the reign of Cyrus. The establishment of the first post, with any pretension to system, is attributed to Louis XI. of France, but was mainly for the use of the Court and Government. The first

organised plan for the transmission of letters for the public convenience was originated in the reign of Louis XIII., when M. de Velay established (A.D. 1653), with royal approbation, a private penny post, placing boxes at the street corners for the reception of letters, wrapped up in envelopes which were to be bought at offices established for that purpose. Thus we see that two centuries ago, our neighbours the Gauls could boast their penny postage system. About the same time, Count de Laxis established posts in Germany, as a private speculation; but the Government seeing it a decided success, in a pecuniary point of view especially, relieved the Count of the responsibility and revenue thereof, and appointed him Postmaster-General with a moderate salary. In England, posts (which formerly included the maintenance of post-horses for hire) existed as early as the year 1548, for, by a statute of Edward VI., a fixed rate of one penny per mile was allowed for the hiring of post-horses. In the reign of Elizabeth was appointed the first Postmaster-General; and James I. still further increased the establishment by appointing an additional postmaster for foreign parts, "for the better accommodation of the English merchants." During the civil wars, the post-office system naturally suffered considerable interruption, and was thrown into great confusion; but so apparent had its advantages become, that Prideaux, the Attorney-General to the Commonwealth, was appointed Postmaster-General, that the institution might be resuscitated and restored to proper order. Its condition at this time, is thus described by Lord Macaulay:*

"On most lines of road the mails went out and came in only on the alternate days. In Cornwall, in the fens of Lincolnshire, and among the hills and lakes of Cumberland, letters were received only once a week. During a royal progress, a daily post was established from the capital to the place where the Court sojourned. There was also daily communication between London and the Downs; and the same privilege was also extended to Tunbridge Wells, and Bath, at the seasons when those places were crowded by the great. The bags were carried on horseback day and night at the rate of five miles an hour. To facilitate correspondence between one part of London and another, was not originally one of the objects of the post-office; but in the reign of Charles II., one William Dockway, an enterprising citizen, set up, at a great expense, a *penny* post which delivered letters six or eight times a day in the metropolis. This improvement was, as usual, strenuously resisted. The porters complained that their interests were attacked, and tore down the placards in which the scheme was announced to the public. The excitement caused by Godfrey's death, and by the discovery of Colman's papers, was then at its height. The great Dr. Oates, it was affirmed, had hinted that the Jesuits were at the bottom of the scheme, and that the bags, if examined, would be found full of treason! The utility of the enterprise, however, was so great and so obvious that all opposition proved fruitless. The revenue of the post-office was from the first constantly increasing.

* Macaulay's History of England. Vol. i.

In the year after the Restoration the net receipts were estimated at £20,000. At the close of Charles II.'s reign, the receipts were over £50,000, and this was thought a stupendous sum. The charge for conveying a letter was twopence for eighty miles, and threepence for a longer distance, the postage increasing with the weight of the packet.*

At the time of the accession of James II., the post-office revenue amounted to £65,000 per annum; and in the year 1730, it had increased to £90,000. About the year 1784, Mr. Palmer, the proprietor of a theatre in Bath, represented to Mr. Pitt the total inefficiency of the system to the requirements of the public, citing as an instance that the mails leaving London on Monday did not reach Birmingham till the Wednesday following; while the "Diligence" coach, leaving the Metropolis on Monday afternoon, reached Birmingham early the next day. The consequence was that urgent letters were sent as parcels by the coach. In his report, Mr. Palmer quaintly observes: "The mails are generally entrusted to some idle boy, without a character, mounted on a worn-out hack, and who so far from being able to defend himself, or escape a robber, is more likely to be in league with him." The Postmaster-General's report of the same period observes, "that the gentry doe give much money to the riders, whereby they be very subject to get into liquor which stopes the mails." That it did not take much to "stop the mails," we may gather from the fact that, when Lord Oxford complained that an express to him had been delayed, the Postmaster-General replied that it had "travelled at the rate of 136 miles in 36 hours, *which is the usual rate of expresses.*" An amusing incident is related by the Poet Campbell, which well illustrates the post-office system at this time in the highlands of Scotland. He says: "Near Inverary, where we regained a spot of comparative civilisation, we came up with the post-boy, whose horse was quietly grazing at some distance, while red-jacket himself was immersed in play with other boys. 'You rascal!' I said to him, 'are you the post-boy and thus spending your time?' 'Nae, nae, sir,' he replied, 'I'm only an express.'" It was the custom then to inscribe on the back of an urgent letter, the words "Haste-Poste-haste," and the inscription appears to have been needed. Letters from places not lying in the direct postal routes were called bye-letters, and it appears to have been a habit for post-boys, or expresses, to whom these letters were entrusted to bring back the answers thereto on their own private account and at rates less than those charged by the post-office.

The representation of such facts as these, made by Mr. Palmer and others to the Government, led to most important reforms, among which were the abolition of expresses, and the establishment of swift coaches for the conveyance of the mails. These improvements so added to the post-office revenue, that in the year 1792 it had increased to £369,000; in the year 1801, to £843,000; and in 1814, to no less than £1,532,000. It

* The difference in the value of money between that age and this should be taken into consideration.

was now found necessary to provide more extensive premises in London : accordingly an Act of Parliament was passed authorizing the erection of the General Post Office, St. Martin's le Grand, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1824. The post-office system continued to extend with rapid strides, until the year 1840, when, as is well known, Sir Rowland Hill's penny postage scheme came into operation. The incident which led his attention to the subject is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. Passing one day a small cottage in the lake district, he found the postman and the woman of the cottage busily conversing. The postman had in his hand an unpaid letter, the charge of which the woman could not pay. Rowland Hill generously offered to pay for her, which, however, she strangely declined. It afterwards transpired that the letter contained only a blank sheet of paper, but by certain hieroglyphics on the envelope the receiver could interpret the message of the sender. This habit was common among the humbler classes at that time, who, having obtained all the information the letter conveyed, would hand it back with many sighs to the duped postman.

On the introduction of the penny postage the increase in the number of letters was prodigious, rising from 76 millions in 1839, to 169 millions in 1840, which is scarcely a third of the number to which they have now attained. The amount of work performed by the post-office at this time is almost incredible. Exclusive of conveyance by steam, vessels, and boats, and not counting the walks of letter-carriers, and rural messengers, the whole distance which the mails are now carried within the United Kingdom of the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle, is nearly 57,000 miles per day, or 20 millions of miles in a year. If the letters annually passing through the post, were arranged in a yard, twelve yards wide, they would stretch for 8898 miles ; and if, instead of being placed in a line, they were piled one on another, they would form upwards of 3500 columns as high as the London Monument. In the year 1860 the number of letters was 550 millions, out of which no less than two millions were returned to the writers through the dead letter office. From ten to twelve thousand are annually posted without any address whatever. In 1859, 60,000 letters were refused in consequence of the postage not being paid. Many letters are annually received containing money, but without any address, either inside or out. In Sir F. Freeling's time, the sum of £5000 was found in a blank letter, and it is estimated that there lies from time to time, in the dead letter office, undergoing the process of finding owners, some £11,000 in cash alone. Among recent reforms we should not omit to mention the money order office, in which is received the sum of ten millions a year, and Mr. Gladstone's new Savings Bank scheme, the success of which has exceeded all expectation. Also, the recent division of London into districts, by which letters can be assorted in the new railway assorting vans, during their transit to town. When this improvement was first made known, in order to make

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it as clear as possible, where the initial letters E.C., W.C., etc., should be placed, an imaginary address was printed thus :

JAMES THOMPSON, Esq., 300 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
--

The public appear to have literally adhered to this explanation, for hundreds of letters were subsequently directed to this fictitious Mr. Thompson, by persons who, we presume, imagined him to be a sort of medium for the conveyance of private information to their friends.

What is to be the future of the post-office? That it will ever be foremost among our public institutions there cannot be a doubt; but in our belief it will, ere long, find a powerful rival in the Electric Telegraph. Not satisfied with being able to find on our breakfast tables, letters written hundreds of miles away the over night, we should hail with joy the development of a still more wondrous system of communication. The Electric Telegraph is only in its infancy, and we anticipate the time, when, to the list of luxuries obtainable for the coin of the age, will be added "Penny Telegrams." Whether or not it will be taken in hand by the Government, yet remains a problem; but we believe that the Telegraph will consummate ere long its crowning triumph, ranking side by side with the post-office, carrying on its lightning wing tidings of our loves, hopes, duties, sorrows, in a momentary flash. Difficulties have yet to be surmounted, problems solved, enterprise rewarded, but by and bye the Electric Telegraph will fulfil the prophecy of Shakespeare, and, as an agency for communicating our human thoughts and wishes, it will "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

THE PASTOR'S PUPIL.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

(Concluded from Page 451.)

CHAPTER X.

IN the course of time, Margaret's brothers and sisters had all married, had all settled themselves in happy and prosperous homes, had all young families gathering around them, making those homes musical with the melody of joyous infancy.

In the course of time, Margaret's father and mother reposed side by side in the quiet churchyard of Seawell ; for, as they were lovely in their lives, so in their deaths, they were not divided.

In the course of time, a strange clergyman took possession of the vicarage ; the venerated old room had its silence broken by the noisy gambols of strange children, the carefully cultivated garden had its flower-beds trampled down by the desecrating feet of strange children ; strange faces looked out from the family pew ; all was strange, in sooth, save the prayers breathed from that family pew—they were the same as ever, for they were the prayers which were taught of God from the foundation of Christianity.

In the course of time, Margaret had to seek a new home, to remove her *penates* to a new hearth. She selected a small little cottage close to the vicarage, commanding the same magnificent prospect as that from George's room ; thither she transported George's landscapes, George's piano, George's books, George's portfolio—in fact, every article that had ever belonged to George, that she could collect together—as the precious relics of that bright and beauteous past, whose glory had flashed across her girlhood's path, like the dazzling radiance flooding the earth from the wings of a messenger angel, sent on its mission of mercy to some captive whose sorrowful sighings had penetrated the vaults of heaven.

And, where was George ? His mother had gone to her rest ; his uncle, his rich uncle, had found a foreign grave. Was George dead also ? or had he taken possession of that vast wealth which had been so often represented to Margaret as perfectly fabulous in its amount ? If so, was he really enjoying it, doing good with it ; or was he, like another prodigal, spending it in riotous living ?

Margaret knew not, she knew nothing ; she could only pray that “if he were still unsummoned, he might not be, until the slumbering spirit should be awakened which was to lead him in the right way at its own appointed season.”

In the course of time, Margaret had beheld her first gray hair—the silver thread that time weaves into the woof of life, to remind of decay, of death. She did not pluck it out: “wherefore should she?” For whom, should she endeavour to retain her youth—for whom, should she endeavour to preserve her beauty? was she not alone in the world? Had she not gained the summit of the mountain alone? must she not descend into the valley of dark shadows alone?

No: let it remain to admonish her of a youth wilfully wasted in an idle dream—a youth, which should have been spent in an active and beneficent reality. No: let it remain to admonish her to repair the past, to improve the present, to provide for the future; to remind her that the things of this world pass away as visions of the night; but, that the things of another world are established and enduring, immovable and immutable.

Every hour of every day did Margaret thank Alice, bless Alice, for the providential legacy which she had bequeathed her, enabling her, as it did, not only to amply supply all her own moderate requirements, but also those of her less fortunate neighbours, and even, as well, for the education of their children. Margaret, then, had no actual want—Margaret, then, had no actual sorrow; but she had that craving for social sympathy, that aching void in the heart—the one untenanted chamber left empty when hope departed from it—empty, as when the corse of the beloved is carried forth for burial from the room that is then closed for ever!

The winter was setting in—the short days, the long nights, were fast approaching; the trees, stripped of their foliage, spread their naked branches against a dark and sullen sky—their dry and withered leaves were whirled about by the gusty winds; the fields looked white and parched, the garden desolate, and all betokened that chill and cheerless season when the mind must depend on its own resources for its chief amusement—when the cold and dreariness without imperatively demanded warmth and animation within. Margaret therefore, knowing from experience the solitude that for months awaited her, prepared to beguile its tedium with all the means and appliances which her rather narrowed sphere of recreation commanded. Her plans, however, were all suddenly deranged, all idea of self was suddenly banished, by the receipt of the following most distressing letter from the long absent George.

“Margaret, dear Margaret—yes, *dear* Margaret—I may call you dear now without the fear of offending you. I may venture to call you dear now—*now* that your commiseration for a dying man will anticipate your resentment for his presumption.

“Margaret, this is no artifice, no subterfuge, no lie. This is no base attempt to excite an interest which I do not deserve. I *am* dying—I shall be dead before you receive this, dead of exhaustion, dead in obscurity, under a feigned name; dead, with no human creature near in my last hour to give me a cup of cold water, to wipe the cold dews of death

from my brow, to breathe one supplicating prayer for me, to secure a Christian grave for my wretched remains, instead of their being devoured by the rats, now my only companions.

"I have spent my last shilling in procuring the means of this, my last letter reaching you safely ; I am most anxious that it should reach you—I am most anxious that it should reach you, that, when I am no more, regarding it as my last will and testament, you may say, with a sigh of pity, a tear of pity—In death he did tell me the truth, and this is it :

"Loving you intensely, loving only you, making of that love a religion, I yet married another ; and why ? Being brought up to expect unlimited wealth, I could see no happiness save in a life of luxury. My uncle was ruined ; Alice appeared, rich and yielding ; and I fell into the pit which the demon of avarice dug beneath my feet. I gave up my love, I gave up my honour—I sunk into perdition, I embraced misery and remorse ; for I lost the fortune for which I had made such a heart and soul sacrifice.

"Then, you spurned me, loathed me, despised me ; then, despair suggested suicide ; then, your image rose again in the midst of my agony to stay the desperate hand. Then I resolved to live, to live and struggle, and prove worthy of you—and, O God, perhaps reap the reward of your love !—Margaret, Margaret, your ennobling love. But, instead, as I sowed the whirlwind so have I reaped the storm ; for, after years of toil and perseverance, just when I could have invited you to share in my triumph, to glory in my triumph, for the sake of the blessed and precious past, I am prostrated by sickness, I am perishing in poverty, and the picture on which I had built my brilliant hopes remains unfinished on my easel, with its serene and peerless features—your features—wanting those few fine touches which would have rendered it matchless as a work of art, as a work of *love*. Now, through the boundless—now, through the uncovenanted mercies of a gracious and a forgiving God, I can only hope to see those angelic features in the heaven, into the mystery of whose divine beatitude He may even admit such a world-abandoned, such a self-abandoned outcast as the forlorn—the forsaking—hope-forlorn

"GEORGE POWIS, *alias* GEORGE JONES."

"40 East Street, Mile End."

Margaret kissed this letter, she wept over this letter ; she fell upon her knees, and lifting this letter up between her clasped hands, to propitiate the favour of the Almighty, she cried : "Spare him, dear Lord, spare him, I implore ; I have bided my time, I have been cruel only to be kind. Oh, let me not have waited *too* long ! Oh, let me *not* have been *too* cruel ! In Thee do I put my trust. Oh, let me not be confounded ! Let me find him alive—oh, let me find him alive—and then I shall feel, then I shall know that Thou hast had compassion on me—Thou hast rewarded my patient endurance !"

CHAPTER XI.

Margaret, leaving her cottage in charge of a faithful domestic, set off, with nurse Brown, not only for her own protection, but, as she hoped, to assist in restoring the poor invalid to health.

She did not start merely with a full heart, but also with a full purse, to be ready for any emergency ; and, as she counted out her little store of guineas, she mentally exclaimed : "Dear Alice, sweet innocent martyr, your gold shall help to save him, if he is to be saved—*your* gold, my angel darling—and thus, as you ever did, will you return *good* for *evil*. Watch me in my pilgrimage, I entreat."

Never did a journey appear more tedious to the nervously excited and anxious Margaret ; never did driver appear more methodical to her hurrying imagination, as he went on in his regular pace of seven miles an hour, including stoppages—of which latter fact, he made no small boast ; never did the aged nurse Brown appear more apathetic, more uninteresting to Margaret, than when she could beguile the time between eating and sleeping ; never did thought travel more rapidly than Margaret's, as she alternated betwixt hope and fear, as she pondered over the probable results of her wearisome transit. At length, the coach did reach London—at length, the coach did reach the inn where the passengers were to be released from its confinement.

Margaret, rousing her drowsy companion, alighted, and entered the inn, to make some enquiries as to her best mode of proceeding, and also to leave her little luggage in the charge of the landlady ; and then, as recommended, she took a cab, and with nurse Brown, and a small basket of delicacies for the invalid, she went in search of the remote locality to which penury had driven the once fastidiously luxurious George Powis to seek a miserable and precarious shelter.

On arriving at the mean, dirty-looking house, Margaret cast a terrified glance at its narrow windows, to see if the shutters were up—Heaven be praised ! they were not—she then paid for the cab, and gave a timid single knock at the door, which was instantly answered by the appearance of a pale slatternly woman, with her sick child in her arms, the very type of squalor and disease, and poverty and neglect.

"Is he alive?" exclaimed Margaret, breathlessly ; "is he still alive!"

"Who? Mr. Jones? Yes, I believe he is, but I have not been up to him lately. But walk in ; trouble enough I've had with him, watching to keep the rats away from his face, as he lay in his ravings."

"Oh, let me go to him, do not let me lose a moment."

"Well, remember, he owes me seventeen weeks' rent, so I shall take all the poor trumpery belonging to him for it—mind that."

"You shall be paid every farthing—everybody shall be paid every farthing—only show me his room."

"You will not find it very tidy-like ; for, since the child fell ill, and three more sets of lodgers came, and having but one pair of hands—"

"Poor thing !" said Margaret, beginning to mount the stairs, "do not apologise ; we can see to his comforts now."

"You've just come in time, Miss," continued the landlady, following Margaret, "for presently the stretcher will be here to carry him to the work-house, my other lodgers insisting on my not allowing him to die in the house, a corpse is such a melancholy thing ; but, of course, you can object as you can pay for his funeral."

Margaret had heard of persons who, under peculiarly awful circumstances, had doubted the evidence of their senses. As she listened to these horrible remarks, she doubted the evidence of her own ; nor had she a more lucid idea of her actual sanity, when, bewildered and alarmed, she gazed on the shrunken and pallid features, the attenuated form, the shrivelled hands of the deplorable object that lay stretched on the filthy flock bed in that fetid room, mad—mad, with the delirium of famine.

"O George ! George !" she cried, bending over him, and literally deluging his ghastly face with her scalding tears : "what you must have suffered, to have come to this ! what you must have suffered ! You must revive, you must not die in ignorance of my great, my enduring love for you."

Then rousing herself to immediate action by the imperative urgency of the case, she flung open the windows to admit what little fresh air so dense a neighbourhood could afford ; and then, with the weak brandy and water, which she had brought ready mixed from her own pure country home, she moistened the parched and blackened lips of the perfectly unconscious George ; while nurse Brown, full of pity for the poor young man, whom she remembered so handsome and so gay, began to chafe his cold hands, to rub his cold feet, to endeavour to restore animation to them.

While they were both thus tenderly engaged, the landlady came up to say that the stretcher, with a couple of men and a pair of blankets, had been sent from the work-house, and that "it looked very nice and comfortable."

"Send it away, send it away," cried Margaret, in an agony ; "send it away instantly."

"But, Miss, the doctor's come with it."

"The doctor ! oh, go bring him here, I do so want to have a medical opinion."

"You cannot have a better. But, here is Doctor Turner, Miss."

"Do not deceive me, sir—tell me if there is any chance for hope—I am his only friend on earth."

"Be calm, be quiet, my dear lady—we must not lose our presence of mind in a sick-room—I will be candid with you," replied the doctor, with kind consideration. "The poor gentleman's state is most precarious ; I wish you had come sooner."

"I came the moment I heard of his illness."

"Well, what is absolutely necessary, to give him even a probability of recovery, is to remove him at once from this horrible close den into a more commodious and airy apartment, and then, perhaps, with good nursing, constant watching, and hourly medical attendance, he may survive, for he is young; but all this will involve a vast expense."

"I have some thousands—I will spend my all in his restoration to health."

"In that case, we will set about his removal immediately; the stretcher will be of great use, as he could not bear the shaking of a cab. I will administer a strong opiate."

"But who will take us in; who will admit us into a respectable house?" interrupted Margaret.

"Plenty; with money, and the authority of such a well-known name as mine, greater difficulties can be overcome. But do you pay his present debts here, put his little effects under the charge of Mrs. Wilson, whose child I am attending, and who can really be implicitly trusted; while I go and mix a sleeping draught, arrange with the men below, and also, on my way, call on a lady patient, a widow, who will not only gladly receive you under my recommendation, but also assist you in your arduous task; understand, however, that I am quite disinterested in all this, as my own attendance shall never be reckoned amongst the sadly heavy demands on your purse."

"Dear sir," said Margaret with grateful emotion, "I shall make that my first consideration."

"Well, well, we shall see; so now prepare for this important removal, which, under God's good favour, I hope may fully answer our expectations."

Margaret paid Mrs. Wilson liberally, who was of course profuse in thanks and promises "to take care of the poor dear gentleman's precious pictures and things." She paid the men as liberally who were to carry the almost dying George to his new abode; walking by the side of that rude stretcher, every now and then arranging its blankets, every now and then enjoining a gentle caution on its bearers, as if it had been the elegant litter of some gallant knight mortally wounded in feudal combat for the honour of his golden spurs. Doctor Turner and nurse Brown had preceded this humble procession in a cab, to be ready to receive it on its arrival at Mrs. Percival's nice cheerful house; and before the clock of the adjacent church had struck nine, George was in a sound and refreshing sleep, in a deliciously soft bed, whose clean snow-white linen sweetly smelt of the country-fields in which it had been dried. By the side of which bed, Margaret sunk on her knees to pour out her prayerful thanksgivings to God for having so far, so mercifully, supported her, and to implore Him to continue that support until she had accomplished her purpose of devotion, love, and piety.

On the following morning the kind, good Doctor saw to the removal

of all that was of the slightest value from George's old lodgings ; he also paid most scrupulously all the trifling debts owing by him—trifling, indeed, for credit is harsh and inexorable where there is such abject poverty—and then Margaret, so far as she could, arranged for her doubtful future.

For three months she never wavered in her solemn, serious task—for three months she held no communication with the outer world—for three months she watched over the fluctuating George, as if he had been her first babe, born with inherited suffering—for three months she led him inch by inch from the brink of that grave, near which she had found him prostrated, back to life, back to the brilliancy, the buoyancy, the up-leaping exultation of renovated life. Only those who have so watched, so waited—only those whose souls have fainted within them—only those whose patience has forsaken them through the long and hopeless process of contending with a slow and obstinate malady, of over-mastering a slow and obstinate malady—can comprehend, can sympathize with Margaret in all she went through of exquisite agony, of intolerable anxiety, during this almost imperceptible recovery. How often she wept in despair, how often she trembled lest that despair should provoke the wrath of the Almighty to punish her for her little faith in His divine and sustaining aid, by robbing her of the dear object of her heart's tenderest care. But God had not forgotten to be gracious : He did not turn in indignation from her supplications ; for, at the end of those hope-exhausting three months, George, restored to health, renewed in spirit, was able to partake of a little dinner of rejoicing organized by nurse Brown, at which Mrs. Percival and Doctor Turner were the specially invited guests ; and then, in a few weeks after, when he could bear the full flood of rapture without risking a relapse, a quiet wedding party issued forth in the early forenoon from Mrs. Percival's, including that lady, the inseparable Doctor, George, Margaret, and nurse Brown ; and then, by easy stages, Margaret returned to her long deserted cottage home, accompanied by her husband—accompanied by George as her husband. Why does Margaret weep ? and why does George weep, as he kisses away the tears of his wife ? and why does old nurse Brown weep, as she looks at the two. Because *one* thought pervaded their souls—the thought of the beatific bliss which was, at last, attained.

On the following season, a new contributor was added to the list of distinguished artists of the Royal Academy—a new style of picture excited the wonder and admiration of all beholders, the emulation of all purchasers. It was called the "Rescue ;" and, in its elaborate details, it was perfectly marvellous in its most harrowing minuteness of squalid misery. On a low, dirty truckle-bed, was extended the wasted form of an evidently dying man, beneath whose eyes, and round whose pinched-up mouth, were the unmistakable discolourations of approaching dissolution. One thin hand tightly grasped an empty water-jug ; the other clutched the bed clothes : on a rickety chair close by, was a basin partially over-turned ; and, hanging over that expiring man, was a beautiful and

graceful woman in an attitude of inexpressible agony, whose tears glistened on his pale cheek, as they flowed down her own—on whose pure white brow shone a shaft of light, like a halo of promise, direct from an open window opposite to her. It was but the last ray of a winter sunset—yet so dazzlingly vivid, in contrast to the gloom within that desolate room, as to astonish, and even over-awe the crowds who clustered around that picture. For that picture, George received the munificent sum of fifteen hundred pounds, from a merchant prince, and patron of the arts. That sum was the commencement of the large fortune which he ultimately achieved. As he placed it triumphantly in Margaret's hand, he exclaimed, drawing her passionately to his bosom: "O Margaret, my beloved wife, how proud I am to present you with the money which I have earned by my *own* exertions!"

"O George, my beloved husband!" replied Margaret, flinging her arms round his neck, "how proud I am to find that you are not too proud to acknowledge that it is glorious to earn the bread of independence. When, my beloved, the Almighty doomed man so to do, He mingled that truly ennobling sentiment with His decree, as a benign counteraction to its imaginary degradation."

"My only darling," said George, with an emotion that thrilled through every pulse of Margaret's gratefully responsive heart, "when that same being who is Almighty gave me the enviable privilege of earning *our* daily bread, He bestowed on me so unqualified a blessing as needed not the alloy of gratified vanity to render its labour endurable."

"O George! are we not too happy? let us rejoice with trembling."

LEAVES FROM HESSEN LAND—MARBURG ON THE LAHN.

BY MRS. SCHENCK.

HE SSE, through which our beloved Queen has recently journeyed on her visit to the august members of her family who have made the German Fatherland their's by adoption, is of peculiar interest to her subjects, from the fact that Marburg, which Her Majesty passed, is closely connected with the life of the Holy Elizabeth, made familiar to us by the writings of Kingsley and Count Montalembert, and from whom are descended the future Princess of Wales—her mother being a Princess of Hesse-Cassel ; Prince Louis of Hesse, Consort of H.R.H. the Princess Alice ; and the Duchess of Cambridge, a Hessian Princess and grand-aunt of the future Princess of Wales : St. Elizabeth being the ancestress of the Cassel and Darmstadt branches of the house of Hesse.

The hackneyed tour of the modern Continental traveller does not include Hesse and the beautiful river Lahn which traverses a portion of it, with the exception perhaps of the Spas of Ems on the Lahn, which falls into the Rhine near Coblenz, opposite the Castle of Stolzenfels, where some years ago Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were the guests of the late King of Prussia. It is pleasant to know that the new railway along the banks of the Lahn will unite it soon with the Main-Weser Railway at Giessen, and thus open up this lovely valley. The Lahn rises in a richly wooded corner of Westphalia, and some miles from its source is the birth-place of Jung-Stilling. The river flows towards Marburg in the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel, where the beauty of the valley begins to unfold itself.

Like Jerusalem, Marburg is strikingly "beautiful for situation," being set upon a hill, round which are built quaint old-fashioned houses, some very antiquated, interspersed with modern buildings, connecting the old world with the new ; and these together, widely dispersed in ranges, interrupted and divided by terrace gardens, look at a distance like sheep and goats browsing on a hill. On the top it is crowned by the stately Burg or Castle, and flowing at its feet in olive-coloured transparency is the Lahn, branching into several arms and winding through a valley of unsurpassed loveliness. Here nature has lavished her choicest gifts ; on every side rise the most enchanting views of hill and dale, wood and water, meadows and gardens, and picturesque ruins, each of which a "legend doth contain ;" and many traditions of giants, goblins, fairies, and witches are related, by the Brothers Grimm, of the surrounding scenery. Though the formation is red sandstone, there is one hill near, called Weissenstein, of pure white sandstone. On nearer inspection of the town, we find its

streets narrow and steep, many entirely composed of stairs, and only some of the streets admit of the passage of vehicles.

The Elizabeth Kirche is the most interesting object of the town. It is a Gothic building of the purest style, and a master-piece of architecture. It was commenced in 1235 and finished in 1283, the name of the builder being unknown. It has two towers 303 feet in height, one having on its apex the rare ornament of a star, and the other a figure of St. George or St. Martin. The Church contains the stalls of the Teutonic Knights; the vaults, where rest the remains of several of the Princes and Princesses of the house of Hesse, with their monuments; and several altars, ornamented with exquisite carvings and valuable paintings, some of which are by Albrecht Dürer.

This Minster was erected in honour of Elizabeth, daughter of Andreas II., King of Hungary. Born in 1207, she married, in 1221, Ludwig Landgraf of Hesse and Thuringia, by whom she had three children. After her husband's death, which took place at Otranto on his way to join the Crusaders under Emperor Frederick II., she removed with Conrad of Marburg, the Pope's delegate and her confessor, to a humble cottage of clay and timber, built for her at Marburg, near the hospital which she had founded, in preference to the Castle, that she might devote her life to the service of God. The memory of this young and beautiful Princess is kept ever green in the hearts of the people, and is encircled by a halo shed by the lustre of her many deeds of charity and singular devotion. It is painful to reflect that she fell a martyr to the observances of her own severe faith, under the direction of her unrelenting confessor; her tender and delicate constitution, worn out with nursing the sick and poor, washing their clothes, fastings and mortifications, and, *for the love of Christ*, submitting to perform the most menial offices—"employing herself," says her biographer, Dietrich, "in washing lepers, and other infirm folk, in the meantime languishing and inwardly tortured with emotions of compassion." She died in 1231, and, as was most meet, Pope Gregory IX. decreed her canonization; the grand ceremonial of which took place in 1235, in presence of many "sublime persons," bishops, etc., the Emperor Frederick II. of Germany himself putting a crown on her head. The coffin which contained her body is richly gilt, and ornamented with silver figures, and inlaid with mother of pearl, and studded with many hundreds of diamonds and pearls. It was removed in later years from the mortuary Chapel into the vestry, and is a remarkable specimen of the art of the last half of the thirteenth century, though deprived of many of its jewels during the occupation of Hesse by the French. For three hundred years pilgrimages to her grave continued to be made till they were suppressed by the Landgraf Philipp in 1539; who, in the presence of Princes, nobles, scholars, and citizens, caused her bones to be removed from the coffin—exclaiming while it was being done, "*Come here, Cousin Els!*"—and had them secretly interred in the Church and covered with an ordinary stone.

Behind the Kirche are the stately buildings of the former Order of the Teutonic Knights, who had a Commandery here, and to whom the hospital founded by Elizabeth was handed over after her death. Here, it is said, the scheme was formed of christianizing the then yet heathen Prussians. The Order was suppressed by Napoleon in 1809.

The origin of the town is obscure; some say it is the old Mattium of the Romans, the capital of the Mattiaci or Catti (the Teutonic Katten); others derive its name from the small rivulet Marbach, or from Mar (Herr, Lord), Marg (Mark, boundary), Maar (Meer, sea); others assert that St. Bonifacius of Britain, depending on the support of Charles Martel, destroyed there in 725 a statue of Mars, which was worshipped, and after which it was called Marspurg.

The Castle, built in 1065 by Markgraf Otto von Orlamünde, son of Graf Wilhelm of Thuringia, is at present composed of several irregular buildings which, until the eighteenth century, formed with the town a fortress. The effect is not harmonious, but imposing from its high situation and bold architecture, containing many remnants of the good Gothic style, in particular the Rittersaal, 116 × 49, with ten large double windows. In this hall, from the 1st to the 4th October 1529, at the request of the Landgraf Philipp, himself presiding, took place the famous Conference regarding the Lord's Supper between Luther, Melancton, and Justus Jonas, and Zuinglius, Oekolampadius, Bucer, and Hedio, without, however, producing any satisfactory result—Luther obstinately maintaining "*Hoc est Corpus meum*" and at the same time, with characteristic emphasis, writing these words on the table. Luther and Zuinglius preached in the Castle Kirche, now no longer in use, and a rent in the pulpit board is said to have been occasioned by Luther forcibly striking it while preaching. Besides Philipp, Wilhelm of Hesse, his consort Amalia, and Moritz of Hesse, called the Learned, resided partly here. They were stout adherents of the Reformation—vide, *inter alias*, the Schmalcalden League. One part of the Castle is now made use of as a prison and the other as barracks for a small garrison. The panorama from the Castle is superb.

The University of Marburg is an object of paramount interest. This first German evangelical school was founded by the bold Landgraf of Hesse, Philippus Magnanimus, the champion of the Reformation, and solemnly inaugurated on the 30th May 1527. Among the names enrolled in the Album are those of Patrick Hamilton, the Scottish evangelical martyr and his two friends, John Hamilton of Linlithgow, and Gilbert Winram of Edinburgh. Patrick Hamilton, a name revered and dear to every Scotsman and lover of the freedom that the truth alone can give, was probably drawn to Marburg by the advice of Luther, to witness this extraordinary event, and remained to study there for a Semester. Looking down the vista of three centuries, we behold this University at that period the centre of attraction to the learned men of the time, and especially the Reformers, who, through the life-giving light that had dawned on them, were strengthened to break down the barriers of Popish supremacy and

and superstition, and open the flood-gates for the truth that, like a living stream, shall flow on and continue to permeate the earth, till all nations shall have drunk of its waters.

Here we find, among many others, Erhard Schnepf, Pastor and Professor of Theology ; Von dem Busche or Buschius, Professor of Poetry and Oratory. "This admired and dreaded poet had become a serious and chastened student of the Word of God, without having ceased to be one of the most brilliant living professors of ancient literature." Francis Lambert from Avignon, the distinguished Primarius of Divinity. The very remarkable Latin poet, said to be the best of his time, Eoban Hesse, called by Luther "the poet of kings and the king of poets." William Tyndale, the admirable translator of the English Bible, and his friend and convert, John Frith. "It is very singular," remarks Professor Lorimer—"it could not be an accident, but a providence—that three natives of Britain, all destined to be martyrs to the truth of God, William Tyndale, John Frith, and Patrick Hamilton, should all have met and lived for a season together on that distant spot in a foreign land. But it is thus that God sometimes prepares the martyrs of His truth, for the warfare of their mission. He brings them face to face with each other, and heart to heart. As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth one fervent spirit kindle up another. They receive and give inspiration ; they join, and by joining intensify their holy ardours ; till at last their heroic devotion to God and truth becomes too strong to shrink at the sight of torture and death, and even seizes with avidity the fiery crown."

After Hamilton's return to his native land, and when the news of his martyrdom reached Marburg, the grief of the Reformers and inhabitants was only equalled by their admiration ! "He came to your University," exclaimed Lambert, addressing the Landgraf not many months after, "out of Scotland, that remote corner of the world ; and he returned to his country again to become its first and now illustrious apostle. He was all on fire with zeal to confess the name of Christ, and he has offered himself to God as a holy living sacrifice. He brought into the Church of God not only all the splendour of his station and gifts, but his life itself. Such is the flower of surpassing sweetness, yea, the ripe fruit, which your University has produced in its very commencement. You have not been disappointed in your wishes. You founded this school with the desire that from it might go forth intrepid confessors of Christ, and steadfast assertors of *His* truth. See, you have one such already, an example in many ways illustrious ; others, if the Lord will, will follow soon !"

"First shone on him the light from heaven, where Lahn
And glassy Elbe their German waters roll ;
From thence, first in the march of truth, the light
He inbrought to our shores. Oh, happy land !
If she had followed, where he led the way."

(JOHN JOHNSTONE.)

Printing having been recently introduced into Marburg, parts of the

Old Testament and several of Tyndale's and Frith's translations were printed there—"at Malborrow, in the land of Hesse, by me, Hans Luft."

For more extensive information, the reader is referred to the Rev. C. Anderson's *Annals of the English Bible*; Professor Lorimer's *Biography of Patrick Hamilton*; Mr. David Laing's *History of Knox*; Justi's *History of the University*; Koch's *History of Marburg*, and the work of Aloys Henninger, to whom we are greatly indebted, and beg to express our warm acknowledgments.

From this small University, in consequence of the encouragement given to science and learning by the Hessian Princes, many brilliant names have emanated, and among others interesting to the British, is that of Dionysius Papin, who, when driven by the Edict of Nantes from his native Blois, found refuge at Marburg as Professor of Mathematics. There he invented the famous Papinian engine, which was afterwards called the Newcomen engine, from having been improved upon by him. In 1765, James Watt, in the act of repairing a model of Newcomen's engine, belonging to the Natural Philosophy Class in the University of Glasgow, made the discovery of a separate condenser, which has identified his name with that of the steam-engine—that gigantic power which created in Britain such complete revolution in industry and commerce, and added so immensely to her wealth and resources. This model is now one of the great curiosities of the Hunterian Museum of the University of Glasgow. In the Aula of Marburg there is an oil painting of Papin, bearing the date 1689, holding a scroll in hand containing a drawing of his invention, a copy of which is in the Archives of the Royal Society of London, of which he was a Fellow. Would not the erection of statues in honour of *Papin* and *Watt* near the railway station at Marburg be a deed worthy of the sons of Britain (for example a Robert Napier) who have been enriched by their wonderful invention?

As a nursery of learning it may be interesting to note some of the names of those who have been (or are yet) connected with this school within two generations; viz., C. Wolf, Baldinger, Jung-Stilling, Erxleben, Arnoldi, Creuzer, Tiedemann, Savigny, Gundlach, Robert, Bünger, Stein, Wurtzer, Justi, the Brothers Grimm, Bartels, Busch, Rehm, Siebold, Zachariae, Platner, Jordan, Vangerow, Puchta, Hermann, Bunsen, Herold, Heussinger, Gerling, Hüter, Henke, Scheffer, Löbell, Vollgraf, Büchel, Stegmann, Rettberg, Gildemeister, Vilmar, Endemann, Roser, Zeller, Kolbe, Claudius, Schwartz, Zwenger, Heppe, Luthardt, etc. etc.

The University has four Faculties—Lutheran and Reformed Theology, Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Philosophy or Faculty of Arts, with a Prorector, a Vice-Chancellor, some forty professors, about twenty lecturers, and from 300 to 350 students. It has a library of about 100,000 volumes in a separate building; a large botanical garden; an observatory, with mathematical and physical collections; chemical and pharmaceutical laboratories; pharmacognostical, mineralogical, anatomi-

cal, zoological, and physiological museums ; clinical-medical, and clinical-surgical infirmaries ; and maternity hospital.

The social advantages here offered to the British student are superior to those of larger German University towns, living being here more economical, the hospitality of the inhabitants well known, and from whom a warm, kind, and *homely* reception is sure to be met with. The romantic, happy, and jovial life of the German student is proverbial, but at Marburg it is combined with studious application and correct conduct, so that the student, when old and gray-headed, reviews the days of his youth as the "golden time," in which earnest study was enlivened by cheerful, healthy amusement ; and the glowing faces of young comrades rise before him as memory recalls the harmless prank, the gleesome song, the fine walks, the rural pic-nic at the Dammelsberg, Kirchspitze, Spiegelslust, Marbach, St. Elizabeth's Fountain near Schröck, Frauenberg, at Bücking's, Lederer's, and Pfeiffer's Gardens, Bopp's, Pancakes at Ockershausen, the jokes with Schlawitzer, the Kirchweißen, etc. etc., and the remembrance warms his veins and refreshes his spirit as again in thought he sings :

" Vivat Academia,
Vivant Professores !
Vivant Membrum quodlibet,
Vivant Membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore !"

The other buildings of note are the Lutheran Church of Gothic architecture, built in the thirteenth century, with a bent spire ; the Gothic Kugel Kirche, consecrated in 1482, now a Roman Catholic Chapel. Leander van Ess, the translator of the German Roman Catholic Bible, was for many years the pastor of the Catholics. The town-hall, a large antique building of the year 1512, with a remarkable clock. The former monastery of the Dominicans, which now contains the Aula with its fifty-five oil portraits of former professors, among which is Papin's, besides paintings of several Hessian Princes as *Rectores Magnificentissimi* ; and several lecture rooms ; also the High-school (Gymnasium) founded as a Pædagogium, at the same time as the University. The Church of the Monastery is now used as a Reformed (Presbyterian) Church.

But *satis* !—"Hans Luft" is waiting.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAMMA.

BY GEORGE JEWEL.

(Concluded from Page 462.)

PART II.—A DIGRESSION.

CHAPTER I.

IN all ages and parts of the world the falsehood of woman has ever been a favourite theme, and there are few young gentlemen arrived at years of discretion who have not at one time or another perpetrated most doleful Jeremiads on the subject ; and yet, in good truth, we cannot see why this quality should be so exclusively attributed to the fair sex. If a young gentleman and lady, just respectively emancipated from the finishing academy and public school, have by dint of dancing together, meeting in their walks, and the like, formed for each other what they in the innocence of their hearts are pleased to call an attachment ending only with their lives, and if the parents of either party think fit from motives of prudence to put an end to the *liaison*, forthwith they are, in their own imaginations, the most ill-used and persecuted individuals in the universe, and expatiate most largely upon love in a cottage, and the flinty hearts of parents who for mere mercenary considerations can thus separate those who must, apart from one another, pine away and find a refuge from this hard-hearted world in an untimely grave. Whereas, how stands the case in plain sober English ? We fear we shall by many be accused of high treason against Cupid when we express our opinion that nine times out of ten, first love is neither more or less than first fancy, having its origin in black eyes and a polka as regards the gentleman, and on the lady's part springing from a slight leaven of that love of admiration so innate in all Eve's daughters, and a yearning to realize those romantic notions so often discussed and expatiated upon by herself and the elder pupils at Mrs. Backboard's. To do the young lady justice, she is generally the first, if possessed of a common share of sense, to drop these ultra romantic ideas ; or rather, to show by her conduct that she is aware of their folly. On the contrary, whatever may be the young gentleman's private conviction, he in general plays a much less open and candid part. It has long been a favourite axiom with us, that "man is a vainer animal than woman ;" and hence all those effusions on broken hearts, and the proneness of poor woman to deceit, that hold so conspicuous a place in

the private poetry of every romantic swain from the age of seventeen to twenty. But, oh! my young friends of the highly promising whiskers! answer us truly. Is it not rather pique that any girl who has once been favoured with your attentions should be able at all to exist without you? Is it not rather anger that such meritorious objects as yourselves should be under any circumstances renounced or forgotten? Is it not a tinge of jealousy, or touch of the old "dog in the manger" feeling, that have inspired your muse, rather than sentiments of deeply rooted sorrow or regret? Besides, wherefore those cherished and well Macassared locks? wherefore that studied dress? wherefore those philanderings in the intervals of the *Deux tems* or polka? Generous, heart-broken, love-lorn individuals! If your quondam flame can find it in her heart to join in the gaieties of society, if she can talk, and laugh, and dares to enjoy herself, you are angry, you are deeply injured and aggrieved, you renounce the perfidious sex, you go home and commit your sorrows in misanthropic and Byron-like effusions to the best Bath post. But you, yourselves; do you, in your lover-like distress, forget your dinner? Do you grow thin? Do you waste away? Do you leave London and bury your sorrows in the country? Do you not flirt and dance and go about from ball to ball and from party to party? You, forsooth, are to be free, you are to eat, drink, and be merry: if your lady love enacts the same part she is a monster of infidelity; it is her duty to pine away and in solitude bewail her love: you, as Beau Brummel said on the loss of a friend, are "to walk down Bond Street and take another." No, no, if woman is *volage* and perfidious, so also must we in duty call you, our young friends of the primary attachments! If she evinces a tendency towards elder sons, and, to use a young lady phrase, "good catches," have not you yourselves the same inclinations and dispositions? What, have you forgotten all your jovial breakfast and bachelor dinners? When such unworthy topics as your lady acquaintances obtruded amidst your horse and hunting reminiscences, and your Epsom and Ascot discussions and anticipations, how were they treated? Any talk then of perfidy and infidelity? any ideas of love in a cottage, of moonlight, of romance? "Regular stunner, Miss —: I say, my boy, you seem rather sweet in that quarter." "No, no, very nice girl, but none of the rowdy: no go there." "Pretty little thing, that Mary—" "Aye, and no end of tin; they say her governor's worth half a million, and she's an only child too." So, if the young ladies have a *penchant* for long purses and property, you also, to the best of your powers, look up the heiress, and speculate in matrimonial matters. Not that we for a moment venture to find fault with such laudable pursuits: all we ask is, that you romantic swains should remember and display a disposition for fair play as well as fair faces, and ever bear in mind the old culinary adage: "What is the sauce for the goose, is a fitting condiment also for the gander." With this sage (query, sage and onion) reflection we conclude our digression, and return to the consideration of the Mammæ.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE MAMMA WITH MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.

As the chrysalis throws aside its sober clothing, and assumes the gay dress and roving propensities of a butterfly; as Virgil tells us the serpent strips off in spring her old garment, and with her new resumes the habits of her youth; so also does the Domestic Mamma assume a greater degree of briskness as the momentous time for her daughter's *debüt* approaches: once again she revisits the old haunts, and appears anew in the gay circles of her youth. Before this important epoch you might have looked in vain for the good lady at a ball; now her substantial form will be seen occupying a front place at all the assemblies and *soirée dansantes* of her acquaintance. Epsom and Ascot, Croxton Park and Northampton, with its aristocratic corner, have been alike graced with her's and her daughter's countenance. Last year she deemed twelve o'clock a fearfully late hour to surprise her out of bed; now she has formed an intimate acquaintance with the small hours, and could if she pleased, we doubt not, much enlighten the public as to the various appearances of the heavens just before and after sun-rise. Last year she was punctuality itself as regarded breakfast, now "the cups which cheer but not inebriate" may be seen upon the table often until cleared away for luncheon. Last year the sparkle of her diamonds was but seldom seen, now they gleam incessantly in the bright lamp-light, and flash so brilliantly that one might almost fancy they were endowed, like Anne of Geierstein's opal, with a supernatural sympathy with the wearer, and emitted brighter gleams on the approach of a young Marquis or unmarried Millionaire. Before this epoch her musical talents were exercised only by the rudiments and the treadmill of the scales, now she may be heard of a morning painfully in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties as regards the Irish quadrilles, the drum polka, and the bridal waltz. Mamma knows the many advantages and opportunities that a little carpet impromptu hop affords, how it gives the young ladies a chance of sporting their neat steps and pretty figures, and helps the evening off quickly and pleasantly, and like a good prudent creature as she is, she will take any pains to secure so desirable a result. She has, moreover, a most extraordinary talent for persuading her husband to increase his equipages and establishment, and generally succeeds so well that the poor man ends by acknowledging himself the great wisdom and necessity of living, after the usual manner of the English, somewhat beyond his income, so as to persuade the public of his importance, and cast a reflected air of riches upon his fair *debutantes*. Such are the general characteristics of the Mamma with Marriageable Daughters; but as the race at this period varies very considerably in their manners, customs, and habits we shall leave here the, to use a logical term, "Universal," and proceed to the "Particular."

CHAPTER III.

ON THE MATCH-MAKING MAMMA.

This lady is usually blest with a large family of daughters, the bringing out of whom she manages with great and consummate prudence and circumspection. Rarely, indeed, is it that she produces in public more than two specimens at a time, cruelly suppressing and keeping back the others until she shall have made happy some deserving object with one or other of those first in hand. And it is a curious circumstance, as regards the younger portion of her female olive branches, that they are all such remarkably well-grown, womanly girls of their age, looking, as she pathetically deplores in answer to any observation on the subject, really quite like girls of eighteen, when in fact they are but respectively fourteen or fifteen at the furthest. We have often thought to ourselves how the good dame must execrate the system of baptismal registry, and we mention it here, "*en passant*," as an eternal debt of gratitude due from mamma to all clergymen, that we never yet heard one of them contradict, or in any way appear to doubt her assertions, although he has those terrible parchment-covered tell-tales in his possession. Thus secure of impunity, and resolved, as far as lies in her power, not to depreciate her ware by over-stocking the market, Madame takes her seat on the ball-room benches, and like that interesting anomaly, the polypus, thrusts out her feelers in search of her prey. We may, at this juncture, observe, that the Match-making Mamma, although invariably a woman of hard common-sense, may be distinguished by, and is often rendered not a little vulgar by, the style of her own dress; she delighteth in gorgeous turbans with mighty tassels of bullion thereto attached and pendant; she clotheth herself in the brightest of crimson velvets, and loops Irish diamonds of chandelier like magnitude to her ears and ample neck. Her daughters, too, partake in some degree of her inordinate appetite for display: they are always to be recognised by the number of their flounces, and the ultra fashionable cut of their tunics; magnificent are their bouquets; low, *very low*, are their dresses upon their shoulders: they are also almost always of that class which we old fellows call "handsome girls," and reckless young gentlemen in their Homeric reminiscences of "ox-eyed, venerable Juno," denominate "fine, out-stepping," or "plump, corn-fed heifers." Out and out flirts too they are, neither can all mamma's prudent counsel and scoldings restrain them from exercising their talents upon all and sundry. Great, as a class, is mamma's horror of—great, as a class, is her daughter's love for—the gallant defenders of our country. They *will* run after them, they *will* flirt *à l'outrance* with them, and they *will*, if they can succeed with these military Adonises, often end by eloping with some handsome, but penniless son of Mars. Neither are officers the only disturbers of the tranquillity of poor mamma; from our knowledge of the

kindliness of heart so inherent in woman until seared or rather case-hardened by worldly experience, we boldly affirm that with most young ladies a good polkist, a capital *Deux tens*, or an agreeable, lively chatterer rank miles before a dull fellow though he have ever so great expectations. But we must not suffer our admiration for the younger to make us lose sight of the elder part of the community; and, indeed, if you be an agreeable, penniless youth of any standing in society, you are most probably aware that although you may forget, mamma will not suffer herself to be long forgotten. What cool and yet daring manoeuvres have we not seen to bring this about, when a flirtation with a detrimental grew to be too marked. Mademoiselle la Cadette is perhaps deeply engaged near the door of the ball-room with a most agreeable partner, looking down between every whispered sentence, and appearing terribly conscious. Alas! the Argus eye of Mamma is upon her. Madame is aware of the snake trifling with her unsuspecting dove; but she masks her intentions under a garb of *douceur* and mellifluous kindness. She has been talking for some minutes with a youth of decidedly green and Sawney-like appearance; she leads him up, she smiles insidiously upon her victim: "My dear, Lord Spooney wishes to be introduced to you."—"Oh! Mr. Jackson, will you be kind enough to take me down stairs, I am so thirsty, and this room is so dreadfully hot." Her twofold end is accomplished. Lord Spooney carries off his partner to a polka just beginning, and ill-treats her shockingly; going mildly round and counting audibly, but never able to catch the time; treading, by way of variety, upon her toes, and bumping against every couple in the circle. Poor Mr. Jackson has the supreme felicity of first ministering to mamma's wants down stairs, and then, being unable to disengage his arm from his tormentor with any degree of common politeness, stands with her looking on at the cruel exhibition, and longing to rush violently in and deprive the great school-boy of his victim. On such occasions as these, if you are introduced as a stranger to a lady of this description, she will very soon force you to confess what position you hold in your family. It is almost vain to attempt to blind or deceive her. Long experience has taught her so many marks and tokens whereby to discriminate between the elder and the younger; and this, added to her tact in pumping, and her widely-extended knowledge of names, renders her most formidable to all unwelcome intruders. Nevertheless, we did once see a splendid specimen thoroughly gulled, and only undeceived by the cruelty of the Scorpion himself. It was at Brighton where the race abounds in great numbers. The deceiver was a college friend of our own, and fearfully addicted to flirting. Much did we wonder at the favour which he seemed to have acquired in the eyes of Mrs. H. She positively seemed to be (in her own phrase) looking him up. We saw him approach boldly after a long waltz, with the prettiest of the daughters upon his arm, and sit down by her side; we saw her smile sweetly upon him and make room. Could it be that she was relenting towards our unhappy race? We had ourselves just before received

an unmistakable snub, and so listened with greedy ears to the following conversation.

Mrs. H.—“Have you many horses now at Brighton, Mr. N.?”

Mr. N. (with an air of supreme *insouciance*).—“No, I daresay you will think me a very slow fellow; but I don’t hunt, in fact I never ride at all if I can help it.” (N.B. this was strictly true.)

Mrs. H.—“Oh, I think you are *so* right. Dear Jane was saying only last night, she wondered how the young men could think so much about dogs and horses.”

Mr. N.—“I am delighted to hear you say so, but really I can take no credit for it, it is with me a mere matter of taste.”

Mrs. H. (after a pause).—“How beautifully you waltz, Mr. N.; you and dear Jane are, I think, the best dancers in the room.”

Mr. N.—“Really? but I am very fond of dancing, and you are all so kind here.”

Mrs. H. (eagerly).—“Are you going to Mrs. C.’s next Thursday, it will be the gayest affair of this season?”

Mr. N.—“I am sorry to say, I don’t know her. Are you?”

Mrs. H.—“Oh yes, she is a great friend of mine. Now you really must let me send you an invitation: Jane love, we *must* prevail upon Mr. N. to go.”

Mr. N.—“You are too kind; but if you know the lady so well would you add to the favour by getting an invite for my friend G. also”—(this was ourselves).

Mrs. H.—“If *you* wish it: but shall you think me very *very* rude, if I say that I do not admire Mr. G. so much; he is always teasing poor Jane to dance, and she is so hard to please in her partners: I think you have quite won her heart; but then you, of course, learned waltzing abroad.”

Mr. N.—“Not at all, I picked it up by dint of mere practice.” (So he had, and used in consequence to be the horror of all the old young ladies at Cheltenham, on whom he was wont to exercise his budding genius.)

Mrs. H.—“I wish all young men were like you; I quite admire your patriotism in staying at home.”

Mr. N.—“Why, I *should* like to go abroad, but there is a large family of us, and a poor younger son like myself must be content to stay at home and read.”

Mrs. H. (in a very altered tone).—“Oh’h’h!—Jane love, I’m sure you will catch cold by sitting in this horrible draught; do come this way, I want to speak to Mrs. R. yonder.”

So saying the Dowager swept away, and placing poor Miss Jane between herself and another old lady, kept her for the rest of the evening under her own eye most strictly. It is with a blush for human nature that we add, that the promised invitations never arrived, and we shortly after heard Mrs. H. speak of our friend N. as “a very

odd strange sort of young man." That very night, however, we prevailed upon N. to unravel the mystery. He told us that his father was the elder brother of a gentleman well known in the town, and that as he was the first of his family who had made their appearance there, Mrs. H. had somewhat incautiously concluded that he was the eldest. He added, that he had seen, all along, what mother H. was after, and that he considered it "a jolly sell." Rarely, however, is it that the Match-making Mamma is thus taken in; she generally has sure grounds to go upon before she makes her attack. Perhaps she is in the very zenith of her glory, when she has persuaded a real unmistakable "catch" to come and stay with her a few days. Then, how the fortunate man's tastes are studied, how every liking or disliking is carefully humoured; what opportunities, what walks, what rides, what little maternal kindnesses—so delightful to the green, so dreaded by the more experienced! We really think that when a clever lady of this description has got her man fairly into the country that he is in no small danger of being, before he leaves, not only trapped into an engagement, but even brought to consider himself a most fortunate man for being so: for herein lies the real skill of a manœuverer; not only to force her victim beyond a possibility of retreat into her toils, but to leave him all the while in the full persuasion that he is walking into them of his own good will and accord. Various, moreover, are the shades and gradations in this species of Mamma. In England they are the most polished, perhaps, therefore, the most dangerous. In Scotland, the most cautious: we actually once knew a lady and her daughter go cannily down and look at the young gentleman's house and property before they answered his proposal. In Ireland the most vehement; and although like the rattle-snake a fearful, deadly creature, yet like that same reptile generally giving due intimation before she strikes. When the Match-making Mamma has succeeded in disposing of all her daughters, she has sometimes from sheer ennui proceeded to dispose of her sons, but in this, for the most part, with a very moderate share of success; the young gentlemen having, for the most part, wills of their own, and her old colleagues with daughters worth having still in hand, making common cause against her and her new wares. Thus does some portion of retributive justice light upon her, and she feels, and, to do her justice, most fiercely resents, those barbarities towards her own sons, which she has so often practised towards the sons of others.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE MAMMA OPPRESSED BY HER DAUGHTERS.

Strange as it may appear, this is by no means an unusual character. It often happens that when the young ladies come to years of discretion,

they proceed to take the reins into their own hands, and *will* manage everything. Their dear mamma is, for the most part, a pattern of good temper, rather vulgar, very contented. The daughters, on the other hand, have attained a sort of second-rate gentility, and show their polish by snubbing and despising their mother upon all possible occasions. "Poor Mamma is *so* vulgar," they feelingly remark to each other, and not unseldom to strangers. So they set themselves to train her into refinement, in the course of which operation the poor woman undergoes much torment and an unlimited degree of scolding. Her dress is usually the first thing to be reformed. They compel her to wear smart caps and alarming turbans; they take from her her neat old-fashioned gowns; she is put into the hands of a French *modiste* and made acquainted with crinoline. Apparelled in this new attire, the old lady scarcely knows her own figure in the glass, and comports herself ten times more awkwardly than she did before. Her diet too is interfered with; she is restricted from the draught of beer which her soul loveth, and limited to one glass of sherry. It is ridiculous and at the same time pitiable to sit next her at dinner; her guardians' eyes are then most strictly upon her, and if you fill her glass by stealth, or push her over a bumper of port, it is sure to be taken from her with a good scolding—"When you know, Mamma, it is so bad for you;" besides the black looks and innuendoes which fall most plentifully to your own share. And yet this good dame is by no means deficient either in sense or spirit; she can, if let alone, manage her household well, and keeps her husband in a becoming state of order when he turns rebellious under the new-fashioned dynasty. But she belongs to a race and order now fast fading away, and having perhaps a pardonable pride in the gentility of her young people, is by them in return brought down into this abject state, and really all the while firmly thinks and believes, that there never were such clever talented girls in the world.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE MAMMA WITH AN HEIRESS.

This Mamma differs so essentially from the match-maker in many important points, that she really must have a short chapter to herself. A partridge in Norfolk, a flying fish in the ocean, has not more persecutors and followers than the poor lady in question. Her whole life is absorbed in the one engrossing topic of how she may at once procure an eligible for her treasure, and preserve her from those keen-scented jackals of society who invariably, in a pack, follow after the one great engrossing idol of the world—money. Her countenance by its expression betrays her sorrows; she has a worn and suspicious look, and though ready enough to expatiate upon the good qualities of her darling, cannot, at the same

time, refrain from letting you see that you must, if a cadet, utterly despair. Should she be prevented from attending her charge, or if (what is worse) be herself an invalid, her anxieties and cares are redoubled. She makes sure at once, if the young lady be invited out where there are sons, that it is for her money alone; she lectures her in private, she schools her, she drills her in rehearsals in her own boudoir, in little studied repulses, and imparts to her in confidence a certain manner by which she assures her all detrimentals will at once be frozen and repulsed. Hence, it sometimes arises that a poor fellow, innocent of all but a little commonplace civility, is deemed a victim by Miss in her great caution, and set down both by her and her Mamma as a heart-broken, despairing lover, when in reality his whole mind was engrossed by some far different object. Looking thus upon society, as it were through a glass, tinted and coloured by her own suspicions, it is not much to be wondered at if the young lady hangs in hand. With her equals she will not, with her superiors she cannot, form an alliance: and *malgré* all her prudence, the damsel runs no small chance of being smitten, and in her maturity carried off, by some third-rate hunting man of portentous swagger, or fearfully vulgar *parvenu* of the outskirts of London fashion. It has been the lot of many, it will be probably of many more. Perhaps, however, the foregoing remarks are more applicable to the minor fry. Ladies with daughters of the highest figure do generally find some needy Lord only too happy to barter title for money, and to place the coronet so eagerly coveted upon their heads. Whether these Smithfield bargains turn out well or ill, is not a matter for our consideration here. Mamma attains her object: she bows to Lords and Ladies in the Park, and sports her city twang and portly figure in the best society: she is laughed at, but courted; ridiculed behind her back, but flattered to her face: her dinners are eaten, her balls well attended; what she sought, that she has; and if the *Beau Monde* and its pleasures can bestow happiness, she is happy.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE STEP-MAMMA.

A blooming young creature of eighteen, or a matron-like form with a cargo of ready-made children at her heels, standing by the side of a middle-aged gentleman, present themselves to the eye of our imagination. Inconsolable widowers! have ye no bowels of compassion for your first wife's children? Not that your new treasure will be cruel and beat or starve the poor things, yet it is not human nature for her to love and tend them as her own; and who so quick as children to mark and feel the distinction that will most surely be made? Poor things, how soon nurse will let them know the change that has occurred! Whose will be

the smacks, and whose the sugar plums in all infantile dissensions? Whose offspring, think you, will have the smartest necklace or the newest frock? And has it never come across your mind that the boy in whom you take such pride is to your wife but as a stumbling block! Kind and amiable she may be, but she would rather, and naturally, see her own flesh and blood your heir; and looks upon your darling in the light of a robber and interloper. Besides, the step-mamma if young and pretty, often causes another kind of revolution in the family. She likes gaiety; she must go to balls, to races, to assemblies; she cannot be always shut up and lose all her acquaintances: and you, my poor anxious old fellow, must leave your club, and be tightened up in a fashionable coat, and get a wig; and well if you don't have to learn the polka in your old age, so that you "may be useful if wanted;" and you must sit up late at nights and look on at Madame twirling away in every young gentleman's arms who likes to ask her, and flirting *à l'outrance*, until you grow fearfully jealous, and show it too, and get well laughed at for your pains. Thus, as crime usually brings its own punishment, does the step-mamma fulfil her destiny; and if a man of confirmed habits, and of a certain age, will take in a stranger when he ought to devote himself to his bereaved family, all we can say upon the subject is, that it serves him right.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE SERIOUS MAMMA.

This lady abounds most in small country towns and watering-places, where the society is usually divided into two great portions; that is to say, to use her own phrase, "ourselves, and the world." It is far from our intention, we wish it to be distinctly understood at the outset of this portion of our history, to cast any reflections upon the particular views of any; we wish all to have liberty of conscience and to act according to it; nevertheless, as the mamma in question occupies a prominent place in society, and does not at all evince a retiring disposition, we feel it to be our bounden duty to make mention of her in this, our great national treatise. It is a curious phenomenon, that as the match-making mamma is usually fat and jovial looking, so is the serious mamma, for the most part, of a lean and starched habit of body. As the daughters of the former are good-looking buxom girls, so does the progeny of the latter rarely assume any appearance but that of somewhat soured *passè* looking damsels. You will not be long in their company without seeing their propensities. Woe be to you, if you dare to speak of balls in their presence, much more, if in your greenness you ask if they are going to any that are in abeyance. The young ladies will shrink back from you with unmitigated horror. Mamma will draw up stiffly, and looking upon you with a mingled air of

pity and contempt, will answer, "We never go to any such wordly amusements; indeed, I look upon balls to be a most improper, not to say sinful, way of spending our precious time here." So far, so good; they have a right to their particular opinions as well as you to your's. They think it right and proper to abstain, they do so, and they do well. You, on the contrary, have no such scruples, you mingle in the common gaieties of society, and, in our opinion, you do well also. Poor human nature, however, cannot be contented with allowing each to pass on on his own way unmolested, and without censure. Foolish young men and women do often turn the ultra serious into ridicule, and we do not for one moment defend their so doing. It is wrong, very wrong. But we confess that we do look for charity and forbearance from another quarter whence it is not always forthcoming. Reader, was you ever at —? Were you ever thought worthy of an invitation to a serious tea-party? If you have, you can in some degree anticipate what we are going to say. Harmless at first, nay, profitable, is their conversation. Nice young clergymen, with irreproachable cravats and unblameable attire, hand the cups, and hand round the muffins. Sermons and tracts are talked over and reviewed; and extempore Scriptural explanations entered upon. "And where is the harm of all this?" many will exclaim. Harm! have we not just before said that such reunions were at first not only harmless but profitable! But oh, at a latter period of the evening, when mammas and daughters and all sit round, and the tea-things are cleared away, and the first stiffness of the party worn off, does no feeling of that poor, much abused world creep in among you and play its part? No discussion upon those whose views are not in accordance with your own? No little remarks upon their extravagance, their selfishness, their impiety? No racy anecdotes of their worldly mindedness? And do you not all experience after each and every one of these some touch of feeling near akin to that of self-glorification, and, as it were, a hugging of yourselves in the delightful consciousness that you are not such as they? And when you deplore their backslidings so pathetically, does it ever enter your minds to touch upon their good qualities also? Some there are who spend money on the poor, though they spend it also on themselves. Some, who deem that English want and English peasantry have more claim upon their countrymen than Timbuctoo and the Africans. Human nature is not altogether composed either of the evil or the good. The world, as you call it, is not all bad; neither you, my dear serious ones, altogether irreproachable and *sans tache*! Young clergymen and popular preachers are to the lady now before us what elder sons and good catches are to the match-maker. It would be matter of astonishment to the uninitiated to see the height to which *clergyolatry*, to coin a new word, is carried by this clique. How often have we not seen a large party sitting round some favourite, hanging upon his every word, and receiving as an oracle every opinion he may chance to let fall. He is consulted upon every occasion, from the meaning of a disputed passage down even to the hiring of a

servant. The young ladies, never behind hand in such matters, follow up the same course with unremitting ardour ; they make him bands and sermon cases, they give their money to his charities and his only, they work unceasingly for his bazaars, they teach diligently in his Sunday schools. Should he, however, venture upon a wife, a reaction may be expected. It may be scandal or not, but we have heard that, on the marriage of a great favourite, all his Sunday teachers did unexpectedly and simultaneously resign. It is delightful too, to see how grateful the dear creatures are for the slightest mark of favour. We remember meeting two young ladies of our acquaintance just returning from consulting some popular physician, and they informed us that they had just parted from Mr. X. (a great favourite) ; they added, moreover, that he had in the kindest, dearest manner begged them to be careful of their health, and had even with his own clerical hand arranged poor Marie's boa round her throat. "Yes," said the fair invalid, "and I am sure I would always willingly be ill, were I sure of being taken such notice of by Mr. X." Her sister entirely coincided with her, and we left the young ladies to proceed home in a flutter of excitement and pleasure, and lay up the boa that he had touched as a most precious relic. Now, reverence for the sacred office is very right and proper, but we thought this approaching rather nearer to sheer idolatry than we wished to see in our Protestant England. However, if mammas will set the example, daughters will most surely follow it.

There is another species of Serious Mamma whom we may with justice call the antipodes to this last—The High Church, or Puseyite Mamma. This lady flourishes best at our universities, where she carries matters with a very high hand indeed. She is for restoring discipline in all its severities ; she makes her children fast, her daughters wear rosaries, and puts her poor husband into the long frock coat and stand up collar of the Popish priest. She has an unknown tongue in which she converses of vigils, matins, and the like, and sees no serious objection to the burning of a heretic. This gentle dame is for the most part of a weak though imperious temper ; everything that has the stamp of antiquity has an unspeakable charm for her ; everything modern is Low Church and of the Dissenters. She is too rigid to make many converts, too donnish (to use an under-graduate phrase) to be very popular : but in one respect we must say, that she is most worthy of imitation and respect ; we mean in her self-denial, and her charities : the alms that she dispenses, and the money that she spends upon the poor (our English poor too) would surprise many who shun and dislike her for her austerities. What we do not admire in her is, her love for bygone puerilities. She is a firm partizan of flowers and candles, she places reliance on preaching in the surplice ; and in a word, as the first class leans strongly to Dissent, so does she incline visibly to Popery. Neither, in their zeal, remembering moderation, or believing that there is any safety out of the party to which she herself adheres.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE MAMMA-IN-LAW.

We cannot, we must say, enter into or agree with the generally received opinion of this much calumniated variety of the species. Factious novelists do for the most part portray her as the ogre of domestic bliss, the cankerworm within the rosebud, the subduer of the refractory, the tyrant of the meek-spirited husband. And this description bears about the same resemblance to the reality, that a caricature does to the original from whence it is taken; it has a distorted and exaggerated, but still a perceptible resemblance to the worst feature in the face. We must ourselves own that the good lady loves a little authority and deference, we allow that she is naturally anxious for the child whom she has committed for life into the hands of a comparative stranger; but beyond this, or a few shades darker, we cannot find the bug-bear of our contemporaries. To see her with the first baby! Not Mamma herself is so proud and delighted! It is the finest child ever born! How she tends it, how she nurses it, how she brandishes it defyingly in the face of every visitor, as if challenging them to produce its equal! What feeding, what clothing, what physicking! And if she does now and then expatiate upon the treasure she has bestowed, and urge the happy man to take the greatest care of her, does she grudge her own time or her own money to the same object? And when house-keeping presses heavily upon the young couple, and they have spent too much money, who makes excuses for their inexperience, and coaxes the old gentleman to draw his purse-strings? who makes them presents of little comforts in the way of furniture? who buys baby heaps of playthings? who sends smart things for their second course when they have a party,—who does all this and much more?—who, but this much slandered, much bequizzed Mother-in-law.

LEGEND OF THE WHITE HAWK LADY.

LESS than half a century since, the remnant of a moss-covered unhewn stone marked the spot in Ovingdean church-yard, where, as gossips then said, were deposited the remains of Margaret Ladrone—probably a name conferred on her from the pilfering propensities of the gipsies, a tribe to which she belonged, though she was familiarly spoken of as “Mag Lade”—a sybil or fortune-teller of her day, whose visits to Ovingdean were annual in the month of August, on the occasion of White Hawk Fair, a holiday gathering on White Hawk Down,* at which the rustics were wont to learn their fate of the wise woman, as she was termed by the unmarried who would know the future through the vista of happiness; but the old crone or witch, by those whose stern thought attributed all the mishaps that befel either themselves or their substance to the influence of an evil one, with whom she was proclaimed to be in league. At other periods of the year she practised her vocation at various places throughout the county, so that she had a regular circuit, through the course of which the burning fervour of youth hailed her advent with earnest anticipations, equalled only by the dread entertained by mature age, that blight and murrain were her attendants. It happened on one occasion, the date whereof is immaterial, that Editha Elmore, the only daughter of the rich squire of Woodingdean, while intent on the palmistry of Mag—whose hand she had crossed with a broad silver piece—by chance cast her eyes upon the form of a dark young man of goodly mien, the very type of him whom the gipsy prophetess essayed to be her future husband. In the next country-dance he was her partner, and also the envy of one who, from their childhood, had been her companion, and was looked upon by the parents of each as her intended bridegroom. The festivities of the day closed; the dark stranger bade her adieu; the villagers returned to their homes; and ere the shades of night had gathered over the Downs, not a vestige was left of the scene which had been one of general festivity. Ralph Mascall, the son of the farmer at the Grange, Ovingdean, as had been his custom from a child, accompanied the fair Editha to Woodingdean, where he received the accustomed welcome of her parents; and, before midnight, he was on his way homewards somewhat disturbed in mind that he had a rival. His visits, however, to Squire Elmore’s were not the less frequent; nor did the affection shown towards him by Editha in the least appear to wane.

And so another year passed on, and the annual festival again arrived.

* Where the Brighton Volunteer Review, Easter Monday, 1862, took place before Lord Clyde.

There also was Mag, whom Editha again sought once more, to learn her destiny. The Fates had not altered their decree; and there, as twelve months since he stood, was the dark comely stranger. The very type of previous years were the proceedings of the day; the same homely village simplicity, the jocund song, the rustic dance, the same potations of home-brewed and cider; the same greetings, the same partings. Somewhat later than was considered within the bounds of prudence, the handmaid of Editha, accompanied by Giles, her lover, approached the wicket that opened on the lawn before Squire Elmore's mansion, where she was met by the dark stranger of the Fair, who, tendering her a golden coin—by way of hush money—bade her convey to her young mistress a note of delicate proportions. Promise of secrecy was exacted; the parting kiss was exchanged between the blushing Abigail and Giles; and the latter accepting the companionship of the stranger, the two bent their steps to Rottingdean, where the honest rustic returned to his home. Where the stranger rested for the night has never transpired.

Early the following morning Mag was at the mansion, the domestics of which, anxious to learn how they were ruled by the stars, parted freely with their silver pieces. The Abigail of the previous night's adventure was particularly anxious to learn her destiny; and the truth which was essayed of her Giles, his age, his complexion, his temper, and his prospects, gave full assurance of the marvellousness of Mag's divining skill, to which the fair Editha, with whom she also had an interview, gave implicit credence. Four and twenty hours, however, wrought a great change at the mansion, and likewise in the hamlet of Ovingdean. A more than usual oppression and sultriness pervaded the atmosphere throughout the day, and towards nightfall the war of elements commenced, the sharp flashes of lightning increasing in vividness, the artillery of the heavens roaring in awful solemnity, and the massive clouds discharging their drenching cataracts. Such a night had never been previously known in the neighbourhood; and every person anxiously waited the coming dawn to learn the havoc of the dreadful storm. The inmates of the mansion were early stirring, and, much sooner than usual, Mr. and Mrs. Elmore were at breakfast. But they had not been long seated when they were informed that Miss Editha could nowhere be found, and that by the appearance of her bed-chamber she had not retired to rest during the night. The note which had been delivered by the stranger, and was then lying on the dressing-table, appointing a midnight interview upon the Downs, was all that could be found to account for her absence. The most diligent search of the premises and the plantation contiguous was immediately made, and a despatch without delay was sent off to Ovingdean, in the hopes that tidings might be heard of her there; but all was fruitless. Previous, however, to the news reaching that village, upon passing by the church, the sexton discovered, in the south-west corner of the burial ground, the charred remains of a female, which, upon examination of the dress about them, was declared to be those of old Margaret

Ladrone. At the place where they were found, there, in the course of the day, were they interred, without any funeral rites, and the stone before referred to was placed over them to mark the spot. The dark stranger was never afterwards seen.

The story continues, that, every stormy night after, the figure of a lady in white paced the White Hawk Down, and that always on the morning after the figure was seen, a foot-print, cloven like that of an ox, was found at the same particular spot. The *Morning Herald*, of July 17th, 1807, has the following :—

“Brighton.—A few days ago were dug up upon the slope of the Downs to the north-east of this place, the bones of a woman, which, from their position, clearly evinced that they had been deposited there many years before, without ceremony. A singular rumour is now afloat of a young person having been ravished and murdered there, by a person of unsuspected character.”

It may be proper to add that since the finding of these bones the White Hawk Lady has not walked abroad. The Elmore and the Mascall families, after the mysterious disappearance of Editha, removed to Brighton ; but it is a very singular fact that the name of Lade is now very common at Ovingdean, it being even that of the Sexton of the parish, who is a descendant of Sir John Lade spoken of in the last chapter. As, however, the church register dates back only as far as the year 1700, the genealogy of the family, even if it did come through Old Mag, cannot be more remotely traced.—*Erredge's History of Brighthelmston.*

A VULGAR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

THE bell of the illuminated clock of Whitechapel Church slowly booms out the hour of nine, as Labour wearily returns homewards from his daily routine of monotonous toil, amid the intricate network of giant warehouses, gloomy mildew wharves, close pent-up manufactories, and dusty offices, which constitute the mighty palpitating heart of the new Babylon.

The cold damp pavement reverberates with the dull heavy tread of the roughly-shod feet which hurry over its mud-stained, slippery surface ; while the thick murky atmosphere is redolent of smoke, gas, and London mud ; and filled with the confused murmuring noise arising from the vast sea of human beings, which is surging through the main thoroughfare, and occasionally sending forth wavelets into branch channels—in the shape of narrow, dingy, and by no means attractive-looking streets—where they dwindle to tiny rills, which become lost amongst a bewildering chaos of dark fever-reeking courts and squalid poverty-haunted lanes.

Each locality of our overgrown Metropolis possesses its own distinctive characteristics, and the peculiarity attached to Whitechapel is, that it is the Bond Street of Labour.

True, we should seek in vain for the faultlessly-fitting apparel, magnificent shirt-fronts, razor-edged collars, lustrous Hobys, delicate kid-gloves, aristocratic lorgnettes, jewelled bracelets, and rich moire antiques of the Western thoroughfare ; nor should we expect to inhale the fragrant odours of Peisse and Lubin, in a locality sacred to hot saveloys, tripe, fried fish, smoking pudding, baked potatoes, and other savoury delicacies, with which Labour regales his not over-fastidious palate : but we have abundant opportunities for observing what stuff the wealth-producers of society are made of ; for here we meet with Labour in every possible guise, from young Magenta Sarsnet, assistant to Messrs. Ribbon, Muslin, & Co., in his bran new Volunteer uniform, down to the poor shivering needlewoman, who, with garments utterly devoid of crinoline appendages, nervously shambles homewards, with her heavy bundle of coarse slop-work, from the establishment of Shadrach, Sweater, & Co., in Houndsditch.

Here, Labour's attention is arrested by a man with a large carriage-umbrella, which is spread open and filled with a variety of prints and engravings, the majority of which are profusely decorated with red, blue, and yellow colours, in the most approved Pre-Raphaelite style.

Next to the picture vendor, stands a stall-keeper with linen sleeves

and apron of snow-white texture, and who is busily engaged in retailing sundry mysterious compounds of a highly saccharine nature, and which are respectively designated as "Pine-apple Rock," "Sebastopol Candy," "Volunteer Toffy," etc.; but the flavour of which surely cannot be improved by the unmistakable odours which emanate from the wet flabby baskets of his neighbour of the Guernsey shirt, who is rapidly disposing of his stock of suppositious fresh herrings. Now, Labour stops at one of those literary oases which are occasionally found in the sterile desert of Street-hawkerdom—a book stall; where he is soon employed in thumbing old, greasy, dog's-eared numbers of "Chamber's Journal," "Mechanics' Magazine," "Penny Cyclopædia," "Penny Magazine," and other choice literary food; or smiling with grim contempt at the pert miliner's apprentice, who is investing her last penny in the purchase of two or three rudely illustrated numbers of such startling and thrilling tales as "Varney the Vampire; or, the Feast of Blood;" "The Death Grasp; or, the Skeleton Hand;" "Vileroy; or, the Horrors of Zindorf Castle," etc.

There is no truer barometer of popular literary taste than the humble stall of the street bookseller, and it is highly satisfactory to learn that of late years the demand for penny novels and similar literary trash has steadily declined; while the sale of back numbers and second-hand editions of such works as "Cassell's Educator," "Chambers's Information," "Chambers's Cyclopædia," and "Knight's Volumes," is on the increase. Leaving the book-stall, Labour passes an endless array of stalls covered with vegetables, toys, crockery, fruit, tinware, haberdashery, fish combs, flowers, stationery, and other popular requisites.

Here he pauses to listen to the gruff voice of a ballad singer, and now he hearkens to the "Cheap Jack," who, with insinuating "blarney," is persuading his hearers to purchase the very "identical last lot of spoons, which are the same pattern as was made for Prince Albert," and who devotes his profits to the purchase of beefsteaks and hot gin and water.

Now, Labour gazes, with open mouth, at the marvellous diagrams exhibited by the quack doctor. Now, he drifts past a Socialist spouter; and now he is running across the road to pick up the poor little fellow, who has just been run over by the butcher's cart. With loving gentle care he raises the fainting sufferer from the blood bespattered stones, and bears him in his own strong, rugged, but tender embrace, to the ever open portals of the London Hospital, whose bulky smoke-dried form stands only a few paces distant.

A dense pitying throng is already gathered around the gates, and remains long afterwards to listen to the dismal recitals of withered, stooping, old dock labourers, concerning poor miserable creatures, who have been crushed by falling casks of sugar, maimed by bars of iron, or drowned by falling from the dock jetties, and were borne in slow ghastly procession to the hospital, where it was not unfrequently found, on removing the cloth which covered the bleeding, mangled body, that life had

been long extinct. His work of humanity done, Labour resumes his homeward path, and, disregarding the allurements of "Free and Easys," "Free Concerts," or "Dry Skittle Grounds," murmurs to himself the refrain of some melody akin to the plaintive air of "Home, Sweet Home," and dreams of a humbly furnished, but cleanly and tidily arranged apartment, where his smiling helpmate, and two or three laughing, prattling youngsters, are anxiously awaiting his return.

At some other time we will accompany Labour to his lowly abode; but at present we are condemned to wander about the streets until day-break.

It is now ten o'clock; and a few slovenly, uncouth, shrivelled old hags make their appearance at the dark entrances of low, dirty, repulsive courts, where they remain on the "look out" for their helpless and intoxicated victims. Beetle-browed giants, with hang-dog looks and gaol-cropped hair, and muffled up in shawls and over-coats, with capacious pockets, sally forth from the vile, infamous dens in the disreputable vicinity of "Flower and Dean Street," intent on errands of a burglarious nature; while tattered, mud-splashed, and foot-sore tramps, drunken beggars, and other specimens of the refuse of society, commence wending their way towards the filthy and over-crowded lodging-houses which are to be found in the rear of the High Street.

The crowd, which but a short time previously besieged the thoroughfares, is now replaced by straggling throngs of shopkeepers' assistants, porters, and others, whose avocations begin and terminate at a later hour than those of the main portion of the industrial community; and by eleven o'clock even these disappear from the scene, leaving the pavement clear to the idle, dissolute riff-raff of the streets, who chaff the drunken sot that staggers along, with a curse on his lips and the fires of gin-caused insanity in his heart. God help his poor wife! for it is little help that she receives from him who, at the altar, swore to cherish and protect her, but who now dashes into the cold, fireless garret, and—dog-like, brute-like, devil-like—dashes her to the ground in his insane fury, and wakes in the dull leaden light of the early morning to find his wretched soul stained with the crime of murder!

Perhaps the victim's dying scream was heard faintly by the tawdrily-attired, painted, and reckless courtezans who linger near the doors of still open gin-places, or dance, in wild, frantic whirls, through the streets, or shout forth discordant snatches of song, which ring through the chilly night air like the despairing shrieks of fallen angels.

One by one, however, all these vanish; and as twelve resounds from the church clock, the High Street appears deserted, excepting a stray policeman here and there. The gas-lamps cast a red flickering glare on the wet sloppy pavement, and perchance reveal some living bundle of rags, which lies coiled up on the stone steps of a sheltering doorway. All the shops are closed, excepting one or two night public-houses, which are filled by miserable creatures, dissipated youths, and suspicious looking

fellows. Perhaps the "company" is increased by the addition of a couple of "gents," who treat all round, unobservant of the little weasen-faced imp, who has slyly crept outside, and is conversing in low whispers with two savage, determined, ferocious-featured votaries of crime, that follow the "gents" from the neighbourhood of the night-house, and by quietly "garrotting" them, and leaving them senseless in the kennel, realise—though not in the desired sense—the resolution of the two unlucky victims of "fast" life, not to "go home till morning." The hours steal slowly on, as the homeless and hopeless unfortunate clutches her thin tattered shawl around her attenuated frame, and staggers miserably onward ; or crouches from the ruffian violence of the cowardly bully, who, with bloodshot eyes and livid features, sallies forth in quest of mischief.

Here prowl two little urchins, young in years, but fearfully old in crime. Lo ! they have suddenly disappeared—no—there they are, slinking in the gloomy shade of the butcher's shop-door, until that vigilant officer, Police constable Lynx-eye, shall have passed. There rises the tall skeleton form of the fire-escape, and in front of the sentry-box stands the brave, fearless man who has rescued so many lives from the fearful doom with which they were threatened. In olden times he would have been crowned with laurel, and honoured by the State ; but now—well, he is only a poor fire-escape attendant, so let him stand on the pavement, and gaze at the dull crimson light in the horizon which betokens a distant fire. Still pass the hours ; carts laden with hay and straw begin to arrive from the country ; a coffee-stall makes its welcome appearance at the corner of the street ; pale, sleepy-featured operatives walk, with languid steps, in the direction of the City ; jaded cab-drivers urge their still more jaded horses towards the stables ; water-cress girls hurry along with their empty baskets ; milkmen wait at street-corners for the dairy vans ; while worn-out, dusty journeymen bakers sleepily grope their way to the lodgings where they eke out their existence. The gaslights become paler and paler, the street seems more animated, the coffee-stall is surrounded by an eager throng of customers, and the first, thin narrow streaks of light in the horizon become larger and broader as we wend our homeward way, tired, but not uninterested, by our night in White-chapel.

SOUTH KENSINGTON LETTER.

BY OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

EXHIBITION ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, W.

At the Dramatic Fête and Fancy Fair held this summer at the Crystal Palace, the usual *auktion* of articles still in hand commenced about one hour before the stalls were finally abandoned by the fair actresses. The animation of this scene was highly agreeable, and the hint of this method of entertaining the public is offered to the Royal Exhibition Commissioners, who have already set the first fortnight in November apart for the sale of the Exhibitors' goods. Rumour informs us that the almost countless objects displayed at Kensington have in reality found purchasers, especially those in the Foreign Courts. If this be so, the much neglected Exhibitors will not be without money consolation for the ceaseless trouble to which they have been subjected, as well as to other heavy expenses besides those of preparing and placing their goods: nearly all the Exhibitors advertised in the "Illustrated Catalogue," and as they were charged something like Twenty-four pounds a page for illustration, such as in ordinary hands would have been equally well done for Six pounds, the Exhibitor will not dispose of his wares without having first incurred a heavy cost. With reference to this "Illustrated Catalogue," which ought to be, and was expected to be, *the book* of the Exhibition, there is a general out-cry in art and literary circles as to its many shortcomings; the feature by which it is most easily recognised being the same which distinguishes the universal *Bradshaw*, namely the names and addresses of enterprising trade publicists, who make everything, sell everything, and try to persuade everybody to buy everything. However, in this particular the public have a choice, and the alternative of the "Illustrated Catalogue" in the *Art Journal* leaves little to desire, as that work is of unquestioned beauty and excellence.

As for the gossip about the affairs of the French Refreshment Contractor, the public is but little interested, if we except the curiosity which anticipates the explanation of the Hon. Mr. Cadogan, concerning whom busy rumour has drawn various inferences, all of which are of a disagreeable nature.

The Artists' prayer, to have their sculpture exhibited with a different background, has not availed with the stony authorities who preside at Kensington. For ourselves, we are convinced that the mode of displaying the sculpture in the present Exhibition has been altogether a failure, apart from the question of the colour of the background.

The placing of particular works singly and in favourable positions is doubtless an advantage in some respects, but the scattering of the works (they would have formed a *noble gallery*!) throughout the building has been fatal to the sculptors' interests, and to the public's convenience. General visitors *do not see* the sculpture; it is not spoken of; it is not enjoyed as it would have been if grouped in a Court by itself. Indeed, excepting the *Venus*, which as a *Sculpture-Trophy* has been examined like other trophies, the Roman Court is the only one where there appears to be any display, and in point of fact, accordingly, every visitor goes to that particular Court to see its sculpture.

The extra fortnight, during which the Building will continue open to the public as usual, will be of great convenience to many country people; and even Londoners will be glad of the twelve additional days to visit again the wondrous collection so soon to be dispersed. The time that still remains will be reckoned precious, the more so as there is a very wide feeling that the present generation will not see a third World's Fair; for the opinion is growing, that either the Exhibition of the Nation's Industry should be *permanent*, receiving everything new as invention discovered it, or otherwise be held, like the Guild at Preston, once only in TWENTY years. In the latter case the differences would be more sharply defined, and there would be a new generation to see the great *novel* show, and yet a sufficient number of persons familiar with the preceding Exhibition to mark the changes; whilst in the twenty years' interval, the Exhibitions taking place in other countries would help on progress in all quarters of the globe. To speak metaphorically, these Exhibitions are Sunshine in which the flowers of Art and Industry flourish, whilst their genial warmth kills and exposes the weeds which, with national self-love, many people had thought to be roses. The *best* is accepted for the *indifferent*, and all nations plant good seed which in time will bring forth universal *excellence*.

The details of the closing ceremony are not, as yet, even guessed, but it is supposed an extraordinary effort will be made to make the event imposing: one thing is certain, no pageantry can prevent its being somewhat mournful, for with whatever shouts of triumph we may assert our Victories, as the spectacle concludes, we shall think of the Death as well as Victory of the Exhibition for 1862. The undertaking has been a great and noble one, and like the death-throes of a giant that move all but Pigmies, the voice that announces "*The International Exhibition is over*," will fall in solemn tones on the ear of all sensible men, emulous of achieving great works.

THE LOVER'S MANUAL OF DEVOTION.

IN TWELVE DIVISIONS.

Prayer is the language of hope :—pray, and despair will fly ; and the universal prayer is, “love me, or I die.”

IX.

O COME with me and I will lead
 Thy footsteps o'er enchanted mead,
 Where yet the wild deer freely feed,
 And where a babbling stream
 Flows through the softest vale, to tell
 To primrose sweet and fond blue-bell
 A legend of some fairy dell,
 Beneath the moony beam :
 Primeval, where do still unite
 The thousand joys and fresh delight
 Which pure young bosoms aye requite ;
 As when first, reigning Jove,
 For mortals' high oblations, deigned
 To bless the empty heart that 'plained
 For rapture, such as whilst it pained
 Its heavenly source would prove ;
 And change the clouds of care and mist
 To rosy air and amethyst.
 Then come with me, let none resist,
 And all shall see this mead and grove
 WHERE LIVES THE MAID I LOVE !

On blooming trees the singing birds
 Make music all day long :
 “ *She loves, as I love her,* ” the words
 That sweeten every song.

X.

A picture of my love ! my heart's own seeking,
 The impassioned maid of my impassioned thought !
 The soul's mosaic through her eyes out-speaking ;
 The jewelled wisdom which, though never bought,
 Is in the academy of one's own mind taught :
 A heart filled full of Nature's quiet green,
 Her manners as the mountain-brook, unsought,
 Simple, and clear ; within whose face is seen
 The blue of joy undimmed, and what clouds may pass between.
 I think of beauty—and forget the *form*
 In beauty's essence—but I'd have *that* fair ;
 A pure white brow, her cheeks or pale or warm,
 As calmness or excitement rested there ;
 About them, with caressing curls, her hair ;
 And oh ! those young and dimpled cheeks above,
 Soft eyes whose rhetoric might charm despair,
 Shine on my failings with their warmth of love,
 Strengthen my good resolves, my waywardness reprove.

CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS.

AUGUST 1ST.—FRIDAY.

Copyright Act.—This Act having passed on the 29th ult., it is now law, and affords every protection to the producers and purchasers of works of art, including photographs, but *only when* they have been registered at Stationers' Hall.

Gold Coinage.—Seven millions of sovereigns, and half a million of half sovereigns were coined in 1861.

British Sculptors.—A numerous signed protest against the dark background drapery adopted at the Exhibition, has been laid before the Commissioners, asking for a change, that their works may be favourably displayed.

Louis Blanc's task of seventeen years' duration is just completed, in the twelfth volume of the "History of the French Revolution."

OBITUARY.—Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Edinburgh University for nearly thirty years, died yesterday. He was Editor of the last Edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*; and a Patron of the "Caledonian Press."

AUGUST 2D.—SATURDAY.

Fifteenth Century Picture.—St. Michael weighing the souls of the dead, and the Virgin Mary receiving them under the folds of her mantle, is the subject of an ancient fresco painting recently discovered at Besley Church, Gloucestershire.

Society of British Artists.—Exhibition season closed.

The Great Western Magazine is the title of a new monthly.

OBITUARY.—Professor O'Curry, a learned writer and Editor of *Archæological works*.

AUGUST 3D.—SUNDAY.

AUGUST 4TH.—MONDAY.

British Archæological Association.—The Nineteenth Annual Meeting commences at Leicester, and lasts until the 9th instant.

Drury Lane.—First appearance of a *troupe* of Arabs, some thirty, in a so-called pantomimic drama, which is simply a round of gymnastic evolutions, now popular as spectacles in all our large towns.

OBITUARY.—Dr. Wall, Vice-Provost of Dublin University, aged eighty-five.

AUGUST 5TH.—TUESDAY.

Ancient Coins.—A valuable collection of ancient coins of Athens, Thebes, etc., has been presented to the French Emperor by the Viceroy of Egypt. They are lodged in the Imperial Library at Paris.

Maretzo.—An artificial substance, Maretzo, is introduced to the public as a substitute for marble; it is susceptible of the finest polish, and is likely to be much used for decorative purposes.

AUGUST 6TH.—WEDNESDAY.

George Cruickshank.—"The Worship of Bacchus," a large oil painting by this eminent artist, exhibited at Wellington Street, Strand. From the cradle to the grave it illustrates scenes in which the *cup* is passed, and shows us the nightmare crimes and wretchedness resulting from immoderate drinking. An engraving is in progress, and will, doubtless, when executed be found in the houses of all British total abstiners.

Battle of Bosworth Field.—Meeting of Archaeologists on its site.

Exeter Hall.—Performance of the "Creation," by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

AUGUST 7TH.—THURSDAY.

Marriage with Relations.—In France, some two marriages out of every hundred are between blood relations; and of the offspring of such consanguineous couples, twenty-five to thirty are deaf and dumb out of a hundred of the general total of deaf and dumb in France.

New Society of Painters in Water Colours.—Exhibition closed.

An Antique Statue., belonging to the finest period of Greek art, has recently been discovered at Rome in the Palatine Hill.

AUGUST 8TH.—FRIDAY.

Prize Essay.—Two thousand rupees are offered by a Hindoo Merchant for an essay on the Sacred Writings of the Brahmins.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Ross, C.E., died, aged fifty-eight. He constructed the great bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal.

AUGUST 9TH.—SATURDAY.

The Photogenic Light is exhibited by its inventor at Paris, and is said to have a power of illuminating the atmosphere with a clear white light, which will be highly valuable to art workmen.

The Old Society of Painters in Water Colours.—Exhibition closed.

AUGUST 10TH.—SUNDAY.

AUGUST 11TH.—MONDAY.

St. James's Theatre.—Two new pieces produced the same evening; the first is called "Bristol Diamonds," by Mr. Oxenford, and its situations are full of comedy; the second piece was "A Return Ticket for the International Exhibition," a poor farce, in which the Misses "Annie and Jessie Bourke" made their *débüt* at a London Theatre: without creating an impression, they were well received.

Crystal Palace.—International Congress of the Society for the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; the meeting lasted two days.

OBITUARY.—Viscount Dungannon, aged 64. He was author of "The Life and Times of William the Third." By his death the title becomes extinct.

AUGUST 12TH.—TUESDAY.

The St. James's Chronicle, dating from the middle of the last century, has changed its price to *twopence*; but as its circulation was not amongst people to whom a sixpenny subscription was of consequence, there is a probability that the change will not in any way benefit the Journal.

AUGUST 13TH.—WEDNESDAY.

English Glass.—The chandelier for the Opera House at St. Petersburg has been manufactured in England by Messrs. Defries.

"No Name."—The copyright of this serial story in "All the Year Round," by Mr. Wilkie Collins, is said to be already disposed of to a publisher at the highest sum obtained by any one work of late years. Fashion, now-a-days, is Fortune.

AUGUST 14TH.—THURSDAY.

"Meditations on Death and Eternity."—This work, published by Messrs. Trübner, demands a special paragraph in our Current History, from the Royal interest attached to it. "Hours of Devotion" is the name of the original book in German, and the present translation, by "Miss Frederica Rowan," is made of those selected portions which have been marked by Her Majesty's approval in reading a work which had always been a treasured favourite of the late Prince Consort.

AUGUST 15TH.—FRIDAY.

Chapter House, Westminster.—The Ecclesiological Society have sent in a protest to the Dean against the purposes to which this ancient building is still misappropriated.

Fête Napoleon.—Felicien David was promoted to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour.

OBITUARY.—M. Erin Corr, an eminent Belgium Engraver, whose works are esteemed throughout Europe, has just died.

AUGUST 16TH.—SATURDAY.

Royal Italian Opera.—Conclusion of season at Covent Garden Theatre. There has not been any new work produced to evoke criticism; Mademoiselle Patti has gained fresh laurels (we might rather say *bouquets*) in each new character she has assumed, and the season has been a most prosperous one for the management.

AUGUST 17TH.—SUNDAY

OBITUARY.—Mrs. Lovell, aged 91. She was the eldest of three sisters who married—Lovell, Southey, Coleridge,—at the mention of whose names a halo of tenderness and veneration surrounds the respected lady so lately amongst us, in Cumberland.

AUGUST 18TH.—MONDAY.

Munich Artists.—Some of these feel aggrieved that our Exhibition Commissioners have given a prize medal to the "Dealer-Capitalist" for whom they paint on porcelain, but who has nothing to do with producing the art works which have thus been favourably noticed.

"The Monday Review."—This 2d. weekly, something after, but a good way behind, the "Saturday Review," has just died of that infantile complaint to which literary bantlings are very subject, namely, *atrophy*, at the early age of two months.

Olympic Theatre.—"A Powerful Party" brought out; one of the weakest farces that have appeared for many years at this house.

Queen's Theatre.—"Marie de Rohan," an historical drama, produced and deservedly well received.

OBITUARY.—Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew, a member of the Water Colour Society of Painters, a poetical writer, and an estimable woman, endeared by her social and domestic virtues to many friends, died.

AUGUST 19TH.—TUESDAY.

Copyright of a Ballet.—A case has recently been decided in Paris against Madame Petitpa, she having introduced a dance arranged by a Mr. Perrot at St. Petersburg. These are truly *protectionist* days, and it is well that to copy nature has not yet been decided as *piracy*.

AUGUST 20TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Ancient Roman Sarcophagus.—The London papers, copying from Local Journals, state the Sarcophagus of a Roman General is discovered in *Hertfordshire*; that the Society of Antiquaries had offered £150 for the remains, etc. This disgraceful hoax gained current belief from the reckless employment of respectable names, coupled with falsehood.

Piano Decoration in the Exhibition.—The lovers of graceful painting should seek out the pianos decorated by Messrs. Collard, and by Messrs. Jackson & Graham, in which exquisite painting and ornamentation lend their graceful aid to the musical instrument. Attention is directed to these particular instances, as, in elaborate notices of the pianos at the Exhibition, the want of such decorations has been constantly asserted.

AUGUST 21ST.—THURSDAY.

East Lynne.—Mrs. Wood's novel, after appearing in a German and Danish dress, is now being translated into French.

AUGUST 22D.—FRIDAY.

Actors and Authors.—A writer in the "Morning Post," in referring to the sort of drama now popular at our metropolitan theatres, notices and accounts for the unintellectual character of the pieces. Each new work, as it appears, is written, adapted, or translated either by a theatrical manager, an actor, or that clique of authors who may be termed "stage machinists." In earlier times, the poet with his fine fancy, or the historian with his rich pageants and lofty reflections, was the dramatist; now, he is a gentleman who is master of mechanical trick, or equally mechanical spectacle. Hence, in the long list of new productions, after deducting the burlesques, there are only a few sentimental melo-dramas, and not a single comedy or tragedy.

AUGUST 23D.—SATURDAY.

City of London Theatre.—Mr. Traver's drama of "The Young Girl from the Country" produced. Although appearing under what might be called an "occasional" title, the drama is not an "occasional" piece, but one possessing a real dramatic story and interest which will probably keep the work on the London stage wherever the audience is composed of the working classes.

Burke, the Australian Explorer.—The Victorian Legislature have granted £4000 for the purpose of erecting a fitting memorial to this brave man's enterprise and martyrdom.

AUGUST 24TH.—SUNDAY.

AUGUST 25TH.—MONDAY.

Covent Garden, Royal English Opera.—Commencement of the seventh season, under the management of Miss Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, with Benedict's "Lily of Killarney." The company is undoubtedly the strongest ever collected to sing grand operatic works in a tongue "understood of the people," comprising the Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne, Mademoiselle Parepa, Miss Thirlwall, Madame Laura Baxter, and Miss Sara Dobson, and other ladies less known, with Messrs. Harrison, Santley, Perren, Dussek, Patey, Lyall, Corri, St. Albyn, Cook, and Weiss. With this company, with the scenery and dresses of the Italian Opera, with the unrivalled orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. Alfred Mellon, and with a repertory of some dozen popular and established works, the establishment of a national opera house is secured by the persistent and liberal enterprise of a lady, Miss Pyne. The public, admitted at playhouse prices, are great gainers by obtaining the refined pleasures of opera, such as now amuse and attract them to Covent Garden.

AUGUST 26TH.—TUESDAY.

Eisteddfod, two days at Carnarvon Castle. The promoters of nationalities had the happy idea of assembling, at this romantic castle, the Gaelic Harpers. Under such circumstances, and supported by the patronage which it has this year received, the "*Eisteddfod*" will probably grow to be an imposing Welsh Festival, and escape the ridicule which very nearly extinguished the earlier efforts of its bards and minstrels.

AUGUST 27TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Drinking Fountains.—Progress flies in a circle, ever-widening as we may hope. Started at Liverpool, approved and made an Institution in London by Mr. S. Gurney, and since adopted in Edinburgh, Dublin, and all our provincial towns, the Street Fountains movement has become general, its advocates referring to the Continent for models. However, the Prince Jerome Napoleon, during his late visit in England, discovered that the fountains in France were rather ornamental, than for drinking purposes, and on his return to Paris has introduced the English drinking-cup whereby the thirsty wayfarer may supply his summer wants.

AUGUST 28TH.—THURSDAY.

Spain is to have its International Exhibition, and why not? It is again *living* Spain, with a vitality spreading through all its fertile provinces, and in deciding to follow the example of England, France, America, Belgium, and other places, the Government of Spain acts liberally and wisely. Tenders for the building are already invited, and probably, in a year, the ranks of Rotten Row may be migrating to Madrid. Such an Exodus of fashion cannot fail to benefit the country and add new life to the Arts, Industry, and Thoughts of Spain.

AUGUST 29TH.—FRIDAY.

AUGUST 30TH.—SATURDAY.

British Institution.—Exhibition of Ancient Masters closed. A very meagre attendance throughout the season, owing to the counter attractions at Kensington, although the works collected at this old and honoured Institution were of the greatest interest.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Conclusion of the season of extra performances given after the subscription nights had run out. This, the first season of Mr. Mapleson's management, has been highly successful and encouraging, although no new works were introduced to the public, excepting Verdi's "*Exhibition Cantica*," and Giuglini's ode of "*Italia*," neither of which are likely to endure the criticism of future years.

AUGUST 31st.—SUNDAY.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, near London.

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